

REFLECTING THE MAGIC

of HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

OCTOBER

10¢

HOW
GARBO
HAS CHANGED

Sylvia
Sidney

Intimate Interview with
SYLVIA SIDNEY

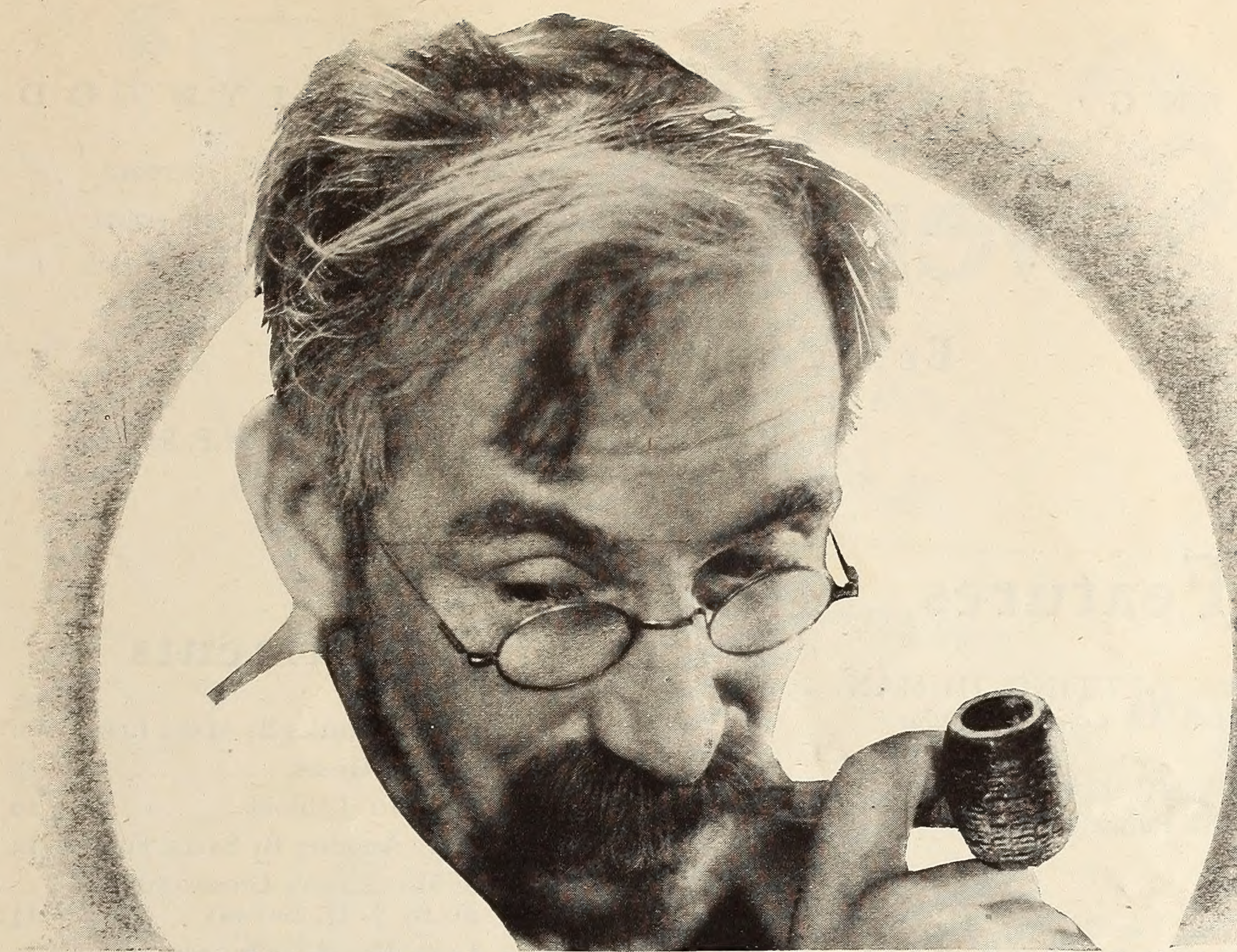
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SILVER SCREEN for OCTOBER 1931

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REFLECTING THE MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

VOLUME
ONE
NUMBER
TWELVE

Silver Screen

OCTOBER
NINETEEN
THIRTY ONE

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Special Features

	PAGE
EVEN HEROES ARE GETTING HUMAN.....	16
<i>The perfect He-Men No Longer Popular</i>	
BY LAURA BENHAM	
GARBO "PLAYED THE GAME".....	18
<i>A Story Told By Old Publicity Stills</i>	
BY ELIOT KEEN	
SYLVIA SIDNEY.....	20
<i>The Little Girl With The Big Emotions</i>	
BY RADIE HARRIS	
IN THIS LIES TRAGEDY.....	21
<i>Why John Gilbert Is Unhappy</i>	
BY EDWARD CHURCHILL	
THEIR MILLION DOLLAR DEFECTS.....	22
<i>How Genius Capitalizes A Handicap</i>	
BY MURIEL BABCOCK	
SCREEN STARS OR JUST GIRLS.....	24
<i>Brief Biographies of Linda Watkins, Irene Purcell, Judith Wood, Peggy Shannon</i>	
"SMOOTH" LADIES.....	26
<i>The Beauties Who Rate The Latest Slang</i>	
BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER	
MADGE EVANS, VETERAN TROUPER.....	35
<i>Once A Child Actress—Now A Leading Woman</i>	
BY FRANK WHEELWRIGHT	
THE COOK'S NIGHT OUT.....	36
<i>When The Stars Try Out Their Favorite Recipes</i>	
BY HARRY D. WILSON	
HE'S SORE BECAUSE HE'S A HIT.....	38
<i>Monroe Owsley Voices A Protest</i>	
BY S. R. MOOK	
ENVIRONMENT!.....	39
<i>Youthful Memories</i>	
BY BOB MOAK	
PAT OF THE MILWAUKEE O'BRIENS.....	41
<i>He Gives Luck All The Credit</i>	
BY MARQUIS BUSBY	
NAMES THAT ARE NEWS!.....	42
<i>Hollywood Local News Often Makes Sensational Reading</i>	
BY JAMES M. FIDLER	
DRESSED IN DIGNITY.....	50
<i>The New Fashions Arouse Comments</i>	
CRAZY TO GET MARRIED.....	59
<i>Dorothy Mackaill Can't Take a Joke, Especially A Husband</i>	
BY BRIAN KINGSLEY	

Special Departments

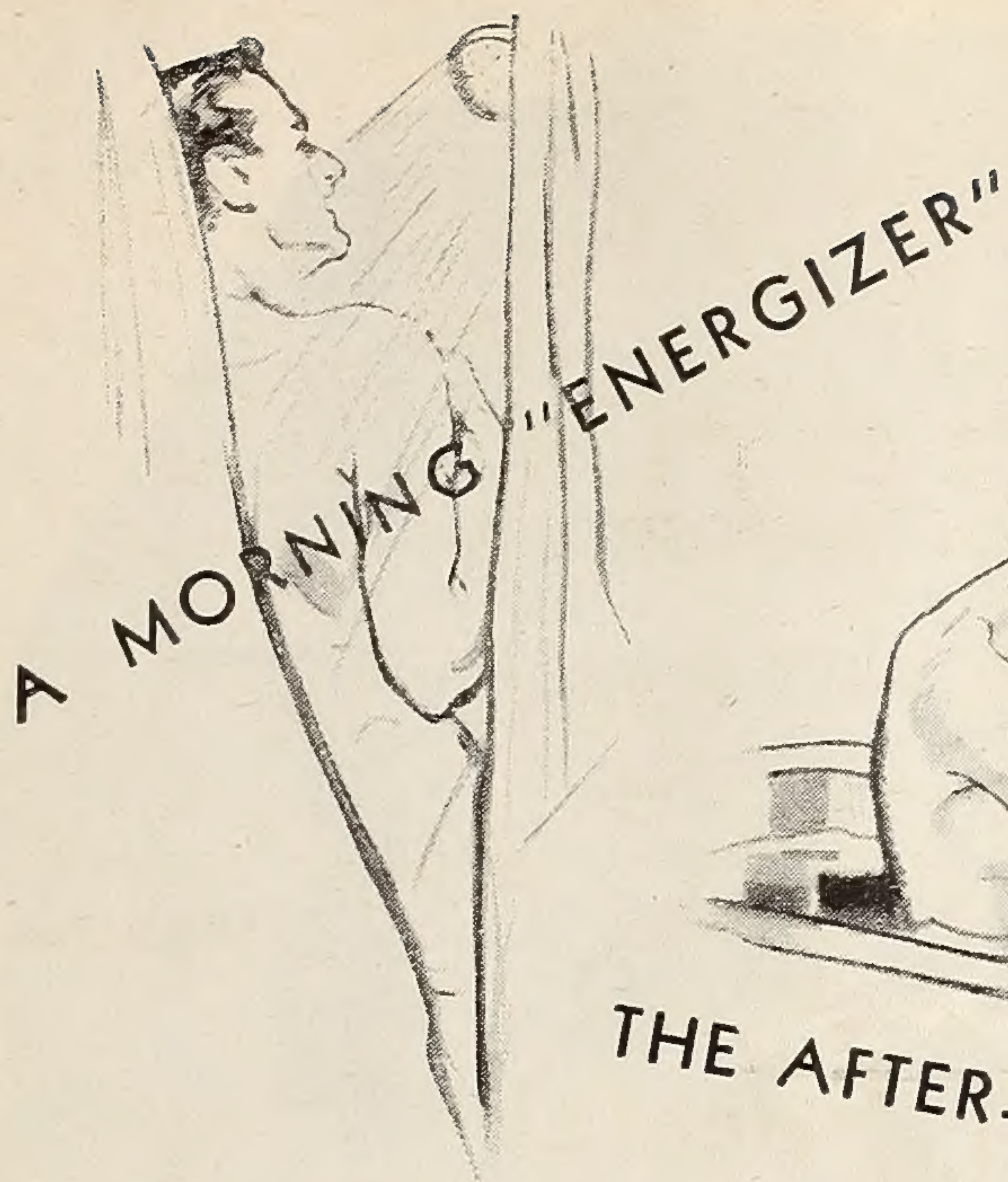
	PAGE
Beauty In Bottles By MARY LEE..	6
Love and Hisses.....	8
Talkies In Tabloid.....	10
Ask Me Another By SALLY FORTH	12
The Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle By J. H. BRYANT.....	14
<i>Last Month's Answer is on Page 71</i>	
Movietown Topics.....	15
Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand..	44

Art

An Unusual Pose of Greta Garbo	27
Darn Clever These Chinese, Anna May Wong.....	28
Gracefully Poised, Joan Crawford	29
The Great Lover Himself, Adolphe Menjou.....	30
Terrifying, Bela Lugosi.....	31
Buds and Gladiolas, Arline Judge and Roberta Gale.....	32
A Favorite Returns, Eleanor Boardman.....	33
Back In A New Size, Madge Evans	34
Adrian's Masterpiece and Norma Shearer.....	51
By Popular Request, Richard Arlen.....	52
Coming Strong, Kay Francis.....	53
Back to Work, Pola Negri.....	54
Our Favorite Pilot, Helen Twelvetrees.....	55
Setting A New Style, Greta Garbo	56
Silky and Single, Dorothy Mackaill	58

COVER PORTRAIT
OF SYLVIA SIDNEY
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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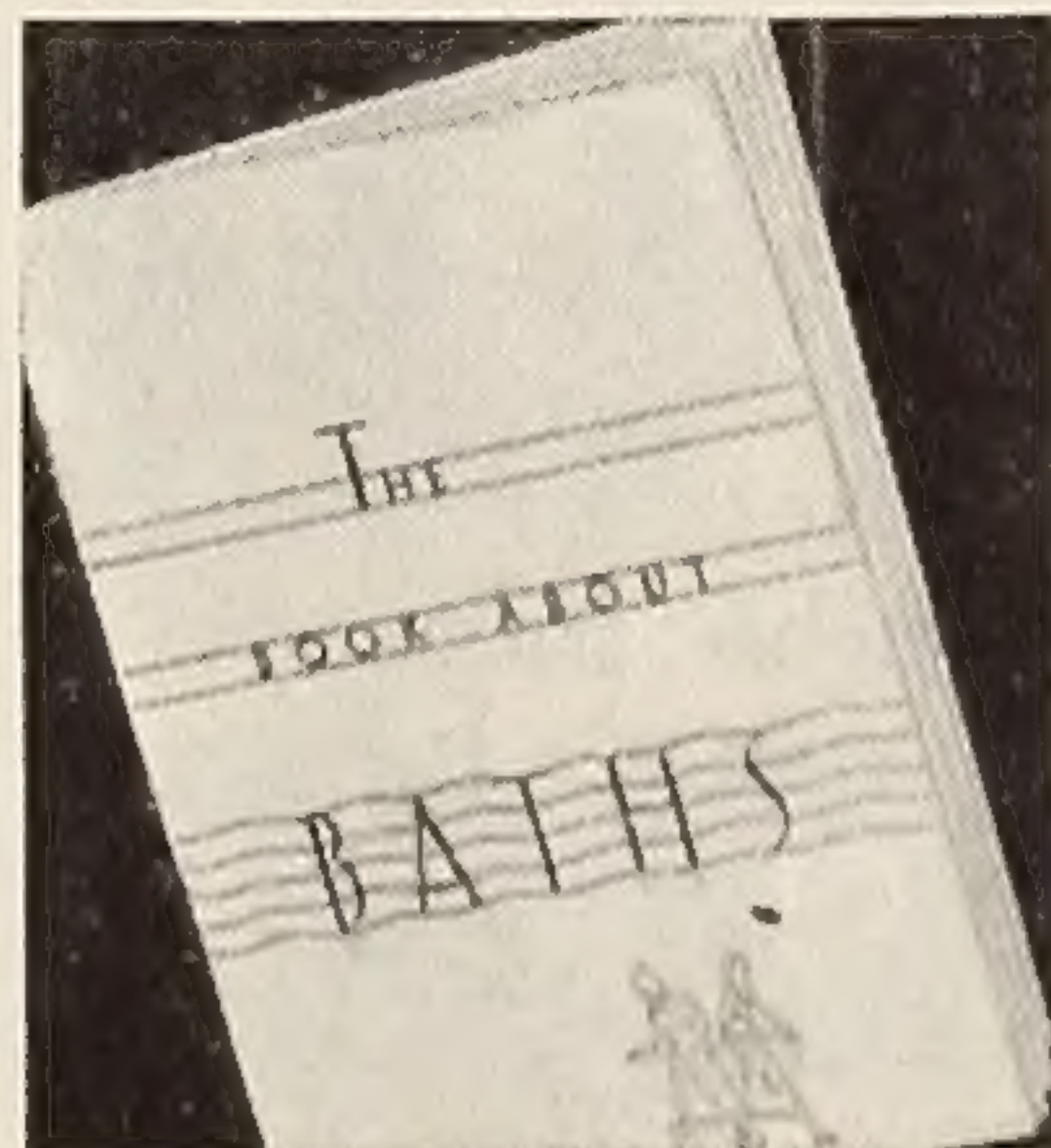
After you have read this unusual

booklet we think you'll appreciate baths as you never have before. You'll depend on them more and more. They will make you feel better, look better—in fact, they will make your whole life more enjoyable. And you will, we are sure, see a new connection between careful cleanliness of body and clothes and your comfort, health, and happiness.

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Helen Chandler plans her campaign for the rout of last summer's tan and freckles

Beauty in Bottles

By

MARY LEE

THERE is only one red door on Fifth Avenue! It is set like an exclamation point into a black and white marble façade. It is a dream-palace of luxury devoted to the beauty and charm of women.

Here complexions are cleared, faces are firmed, and bodies are made lithe and lovely in surroundings of almost fantastic splendor.

Six floors of lush loveliness so exquisite that it is caressing—so expensive that it is dramatic! One hears that its walls of mirrors, fixtures of crystal, silken treatment rooms, satin exercise pads and all its smart appointments cost its owner well over a million dollars.

Through that red door pass women whose names represent the greatest fortunes in the world, famous women, and then those like ourselves who go when we can afford it—to luxuriate where fragrant creams and skillful hands make us look and feel beautiful!

All of us intent upon preserving youth! Beauty! Health! For as these slip slowly away from us, so slip our chances for happiness and success. Very worth-while is the struggle to hold them—and Joy of Joys! we may even reclaim them—and in some cases actually create them.

Such is the science of beauty-building today. Nothing sudden and magical, understand—but neither is the process very slow. At once there is a noticeable improvement and almost anything can be accomplished in a reasonable time.

It matters not whether you want to look your best to be presented at Court or to apply for a position in

the ten-cent store—your chances for creating a favorable impression depend upon your appearance.

It matters not if your skin is as silken and as fine-pored as a rose-petal, modern living conditions will destroy it unless you guard it with care.

But for those of us who cannot go to crystal palaces for our beauty treatments, it is possible to achieve the same, or very nearly the same, result at home; IF we are sensible enough to buy the right cosmetics and intelligent enough to use them correctly and *regularly*.

The best beauty specialists will tell you that it is the home care that counts!

But let me tell you that it won't count for much unless your dressing-table is so conveniently arranged that it invites and reminds you to care for your beauty. Convenience is not so much a matter of money as it is of brains.

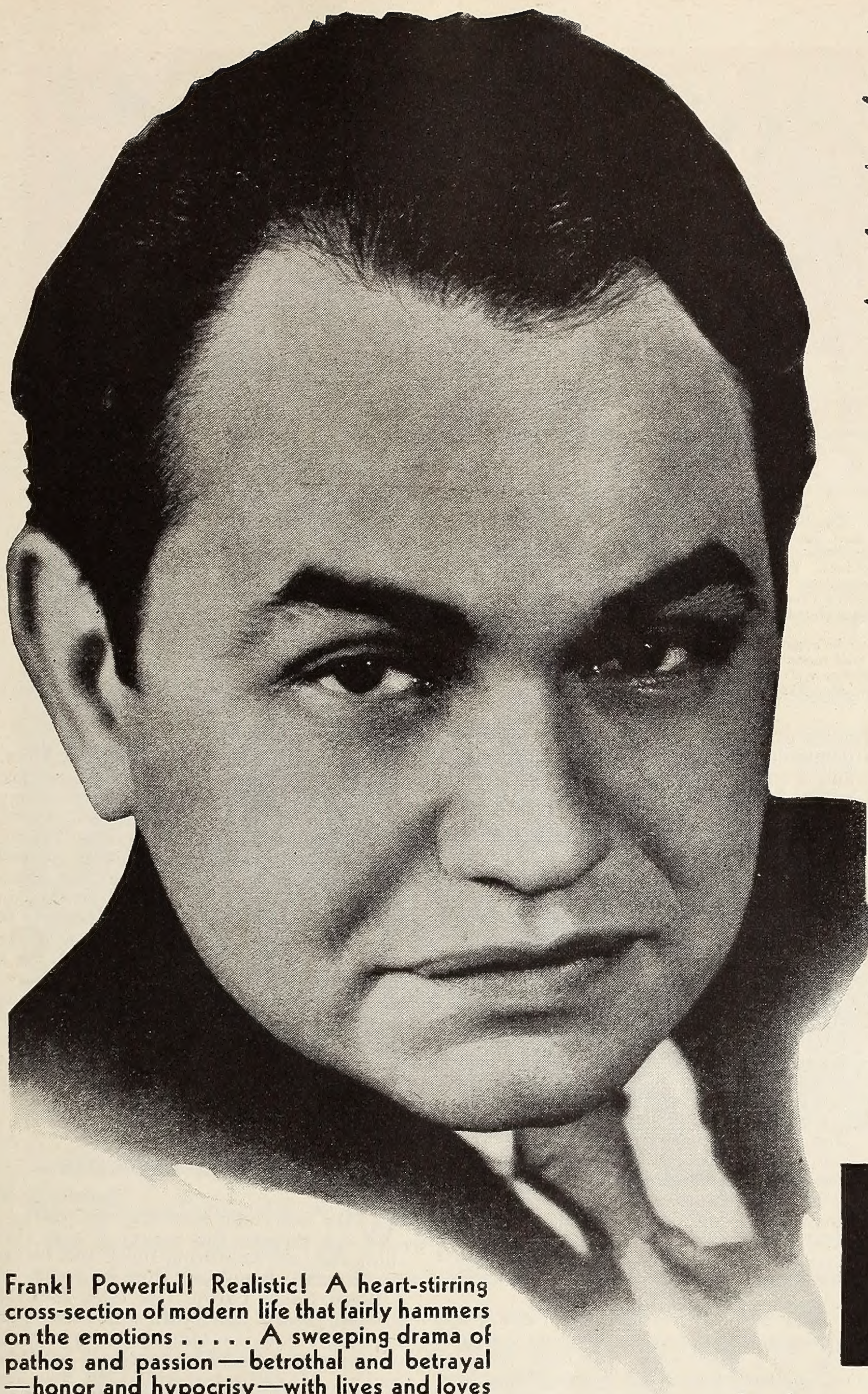
At this season most of us are turning our thoughts inward to our homes after a summer of thinking outward to trips, resorts and sport. And having settled ourselves

[Continued on page 62]

Mary Lee Will Help You to Beauty Free

Just write to Mary Lee and she will help you with your personal problems of beauty—weight, skin, hair. If you would like her personal advice send her a stamped and addressed envelope. Mary Lee's address is care of SILVER SCREEN 45 West 45th Street, New York City

SILVER SCREEN



H. B. WARNER

MARIAN MARSH

ANTHONY BUSHELL

GEORGE E. STONE

FRANCES STARR

Ona Munson : Robert Elliott

Directed by
MERVYN LEROY



FIVE STAR FINAL

with the most versatile actor
on the screen today..

Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions A sweeping drama of pathos and passion—betrothal and betrayal—honor and hypocrisy—with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation Greatest picture of the year—with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

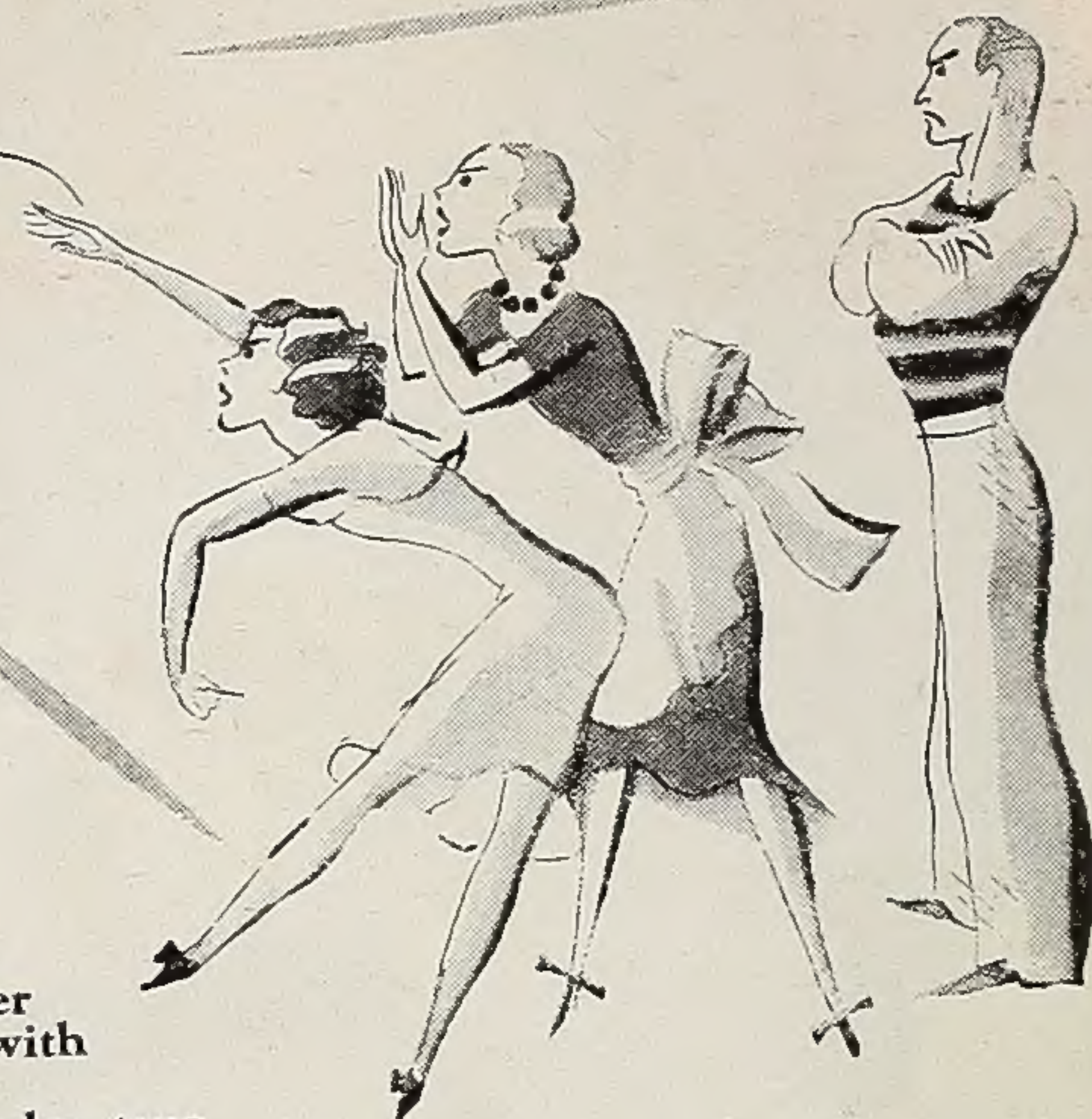
Edw. G. ROBINSON

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

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for OCTOBER 1931

LOVE AND HISSES!!



HUNDREDS of letters this month about Joan Crawford. And Clark Gable is getting plenty too. Norma and Joan have given that boy a break and the fans have boosted him on to their own shoulders. From now on Clark Gable is dynamite—the biggest star possibility. How you fans do crowd anyone who bleaches a hair, that is all except Clara Bow, and no matter what she does there are a million who will cry, "That's O. K. with me, Clara."

The Garbo army is organizing and putting up a ballyhoo which Garbo, true artist that she is, will resent in silence. Tell us some more, we're listening. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 First Prize; \$10 Second and \$5 Third.

FIRST PRIZE

Rock, Mass.
IN "Honor Among Lovers" and "The Royal Family", I was delighted with the performance of Fredric March. Here at last was an actor with charm, spontaneity, and sophistication; an actor who could give the right touch to smart dialogue and an actor who could raise the intellectual standard of the movies above the moron level. His work was brilliant, clever and charming. He seemed to be an expression of the modern stage taste which has shown itself in fondness for Noel Coward and Frederick Lonsdale productions.

In "The Royal Family" he was the epitome of smartness and brilliancy. People formerly disgusted with the movies for their obvious cheapness and lack of artistry began to feel more hopeful for the intellectual outlook of the movies.

Then came "The Night Angel!" Of all the stupid, inane, cheaply melodramatic tripe, this was perhaps the worst. It was, indeed, a horrible thing to place the talents of this clever actor in rubbish of this kind. Sloppy, sentimental and sickeningly dull, this movie was a disgrace to American culture and ideals.

Please—whoever is responsible for this sort of thing—reinstate Mr. March to his former position which he held so admirably.

Grace Atwood

SECOND PRIZE

Newark, N. J.

NOW, tell me if you can, why Buddy Rogers has been demoted from stardom and made to play rôles in support of the stars? Is this his own idea to prove his worth as a dramatic actor or are the Paramount executives to blame? Is it possible they think him unimportant? Buddy who caused near-riots and traffic jams while making personal appearances in New York.

Buddy, unfortunately, has been cast in too many unimportant productions; and although he has always given very enjoyable and entertaining performances, his rôles have been limited to the light, playboy sort of thing. Give him rôles worthy of his talent. Buddy, plus more mature and dramatic vehicles and the box office, will bear watching. Buddy went dramatic in a big way in "The Lawyer's Secret", stole the picture, and rendered one of the best perform-

ances of the month. He is no longer the débutante's delight, but a first class actor, and if starred in pictures worthy of his talent and acting ability will soar to heights unknown.

Myrtle Wiegand

THIRD PRIZE

Minneapolis, Minn.

WHICH does the public want, a great story or a great star? Rather, would the public prefer a great star in a poor story or mediocre players in a great story?

With many, the star is the whole show. With others, a good story is the thing. Now, I would enjoy Garbo if she were sitting in a rocking chair knitting. The best story of the season would not appeal to me if it had a poor cast.

I realize it's a shame to waste a brilliant star in a cheap story, still I maintain it's the star that draws the crowds. How many times have we heard, "I don't know how good that picture may be, but I like her (or him) in anything, so come on, let's go?" And how many times it is said, "I think that would be an interesting picture, but I don't like the cast, no one worth seeing in it."

How do other readers feel about this question? The ideal combination is a good star in a good story; providing we can't always have that much desired thing, what do we want most, good stars or good stories?

G. I. Newton

CLARK GABLE

Bartlesville, Okla.

WHAT an INSPIRATION. Well, I must say I received mine from no one else except that Clark Gable. Could any other man put more appeal and reality in one picture than the one and only Clark. Fans will admit that Norma Shearer is good, and no doubt she is, but, it takes the male part in the picture to bring out what the fans call a box office attraction. Give Clark the pictures and you will see a man reach the ladder of success, if he has not already done so. What a knockout he gave you in "A Free Soul", and what a wallop he dealt you in Joan Crawford's last picture. To tell the truth, that is only the first coat, but wait, my stars, this Gable man is going somewhere and I can see through the glasses Clark is headed for stardom.

W. R. Julien

JOAN CRAWFORD

Cookeville, Tenn.

THIS is a letter of praise and there are no hisses at all. I want to express my admiration of Joan Crawford and would like to do so through your magazine. I think Miss Crawford the most brilliant actress that the American fans have had the pleasure and privilege of seeing and hearing on our screen. She is the personification of everything that any girl could ever desire to be. She is sophisticated, beautiful, has a charming voice, and dances like nobody's business! I have no idea that I am telling anyone something new. However, I still maintain that she is nothing short of marvelous. Actresses may come and they may go, but Joan still holds her own. I worship at her shrine!

Fay Bennett

BLEACHED BLONDES

Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY don't the stars stay natural? I suppose the answer is that they think they are improving themselves by being dramatic or prettier, but are they?

When Nancy Carroll first came into the movies, wasn't she sweet with her short dark hair? Now it is bleached to look lighter on the screen. Joan Crawford with her light hair . . . Dorothy Lee with light hair and not half so sweet . . . Clara Bow now a platinum blonde. About the only natural girl on the screen is Ruth Chaterton. She is most always the same. Ruth looks just like any girl you might meet while walking down the street.

I don't mean to be an old crab, but it makes me angry to see my favorite stars getting so artificial. A little criticism, meant to be helpful, won't hurt them.

C. A. Beuche

ANOTHER S O S

Waterbury, Conn.

MRS. Doug Jr., you should be spanked good and hard. What have you done to your beautiful hair? In "Laughing Sinners" you have turned into one of those very unnatural blondes. It's a shame! My crowd thinks your a knockout. And how! But go back to normal and let bleaching alone.

Lee Cronin

SILVER SCREEN

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Master of Spectacular
Productions presents his
Greatest Dramatic Triumph!



but only one could be answered... As man of mystery, he comes to America's frontier of fate and fortune—where he battles racketeers—where he defies the law at pistol point—until destiny plays an unexpected ace!

A THRILLING ALL STAR CAST

With such distinguished players as WARNER BAXTER, LUPE VELEZ, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD and ROLAND YOUNG, this epic drama is made the sensational love-adventure film of the year... Directed by the master hand of the screen's greatest director—

CECIL B. DE MILLE



TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM

His wife and the wife of another—the woman who gave up everything for him—and the woman for whom he gave up everything. The first saved his life twice—and twice he drove her away. The second told him she never wanted to see him again—yet she crossed half the world to find him.

FATE BRANDED HIM A THIEF

AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself... And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England's life of luxury for America's wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm!



TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM

"I'm just a woman who loves you," his goddess had said, "wanting terribly to play fair." And her eyes pleaded with him to help her . . . What should he do? . . . His honor commanded, "Go!" His love whispered, "Stay!" Two fates called—

WARNER BAXTER IN

THE SQUAW MAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

TALKIES in TABLOID

(These brief reviews are just long enough to serve as sign boards; to point your way to the pictures that you will especially enjoy)



Joel McCrea looks up to Connie Bennett, whom all must worship, it is "The Common Law"

ALWAYS GOODBYE *Good* (Fox)

Elissa Landi and Lewis Stone make you overlook the flaws in a story about a young woman who is suspected of trying to rob the man she really loves. Miss Landi gives an even better account of herself than in "Body and Soul," but once again the story doesn't measure up to her talents.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY *Great* (Paramount)

This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS *Good* (Fox)

Here's entertainment for you if you like your comedy light and frothy. So many mix-ups you can't keep them straight but who cares. Jeanette MacDonald is charming as Annabelle and Victor McLaglen as her illiterate, primitive husband she hasn't seen in eight years, is great.

CHANCES *Good* (First National)

This is an interesting war story but too obvious to carry much suspense. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Anthony Bushell are two brothers in love with the same girl, Rose Hobart. Well, you know what happens.

CITY STREETS *Good* (Paramount)

Gary Cooper in a picture which combines romantic love interest with an exciting gangster plot. He gets into a racket to get his girl out of jail, and then it looks as if both of them will be "put on the spot." Sylvia Sidney and Gary are splendid.

COMMON LAW. THE *Good* (R.K.O.-Pathé)

A frankly sophisticated picture with Connie Bennett playing an artist's model who falls in love with an artist. His folks oppose their marriage so that's where the old common law enters. Connie again glorifies sin, making it most attractive. Joel McCrea is the artist.

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED *Fair* (Paramount)

College life as the movies see it. A college youth falls for a pretty co-ed, and the inevitable happens. Sylvia Sidney gives a fine performance but you won't be impressed with the story. Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster are the boy friends.

DADDY LONG LEGS *Great* (Fox)

Bring the whole family to see this. Janet Gaynor has a wistful, haunting appeal as the orphan who falls in love with Daddy Long Legs, her benefactor. The picture has pathos; it has humor; it has everything. Warner Baxter makes an interesting leading man, but it's Janet's picture.

DO NOT MISS—

"Daddy Long Legs"

—perhaps the best of the year

"A Free Soul"

—because of the clothes they are all talking about

"Women Love Once"

—because Eleanor Boardman is back

"Young Donovan's Kid"

—Jackie Cooper on his way to a million

DAYBREAK *Good* (M-G-M)

The romance of a philandering lieutenant who learns about heartbreak after leaving the girl who loves him and with whom he has had an affair. You'll like Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler as the lovers.

EXPENSIVE WOMEN *Fair* (Warners)

Dolores Costello's comeback picture is pretty weak melodrama with little in its favor. She plays one of those very feminine women who

after a lot of agonizing and heart aches discovers that she really didn't love the man after all. There's a murder in it for no good reason.

FIVE AND TEN *Fair* (M-G-M)

This picture is supposed to prove the curse of wealth and make you glad you aren't burdened with a lot of stocks and bonds. Marion Davies, as a daughter of a millionaire, gets involved in a scandal with Leslie Howard, her mother runs off with a gigolo, and her brother commits suicide. But there's a happy ending.

FREE SOUL. A *Great* (M-G-M)

A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping court-room climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

GOLDIE *Fair* (Fox)

A rowdy, fast-moving comedy that will remind you of "The Cock-eyed World," but it isn't nearly so funny. Warren Hymer and Spencer Tracy are the naughty sailor boys who go in for broad humor and bad women. Jean Harlow, something classy in blondes, trims them plenty. Good entertainment for hot weather.

HUSH MONEY *Good* (Fox)

Here's a pleasant picture with Joan Bennett doing nicely as the poor girl, broke and hungry, who innocently becomes the tool of a crook. When she gets out of jail she marries a wealthy young man whom she adores and everything is all right until her old associates start blackmailing her. You'll like Hardie Albright as the young husband.

INDISCREET *Good* (United Artists)

Rib-tickling entertainment. Not as dramatic as "The Trespasser," but a grand mixture of farce, slapstick, musical comedy and drama about a woman who almost loses her own fiancé while trying to save her sister from the man who ruined her past.

[Continued on page 78]



“LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play” someone whispered —but when she sat down at the piano...

HOW wonderful it all was! And what a surprise, too. Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town. It was like a dream!

Eileen was thrilled beyond words—yet so frightened. What dress would she wear? Would it be smart enough for such a wonderful gathering? Would she feel out of place in such exclusive society? Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. “You look positively adorable,” he told her. Eileen knew that Bill was proud of her—but how would the others feel about her?

The party was in full swing when they arrived. Everything stopped while Eileen was introduced. As she found herself face to face with the smartest social celebrities in town Eileen suddenly realized she had never felt more uneasy in all her life. But that was only the beginning. Later, as conversation lulled, Eileen felt that everyone's eyes were on her. Yes, Eileen admitted to herself, she *did* feel out of place. Oh, if this evening would only end!

And then it happened! It was while they were playing bridge. Eileen couldn't help but overhear.

“Who is that girl with Bill?” she heard someone whisper.

“I never saw her before. Bill met her some place or other. Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess,” came the reply.

Eileen blushed to the roots of her hair. So that's what they thought of her! Eileen suddenly grew indignant. She'd show them. Little did she realize how soon her opportunity to “show them” would arrive. Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

“Where's Jim Blake tonight?” someone asked. “If he were here we could have some music.”

“Jim had to go out of town on business, came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. She'd show this smart set a thing or two. Summoning all her courage she spoke somewhat timidly:

“I think I could play a little if you're not too critical.”

There was an embarrassing moment of silence. Eileen promptly became panicky—but realizing that she had to go through with it, she sat down nervously at the piano. Hesitantly she played a few chords—then broke into the haunting strains of “The Pagan Love Song”. Her listeners sat spellbound as her fingers skipped lightly over the keys. Never had she played with such inspiration—such complete confidence in herself.

As she struck the last chord there was a burst of loud applause. “More, more,” everyone cried. It was almost an hour before they permitted her to rise from the piano. As Eileen stood up she found herself the center of an admiring group. A glow of pride suffused Bill's face.

“Why, Eileen, I never knew you could play a note,” he exclaimed.

“Well to tell you the truth, I have really only been playing a short while,” she answered.

“Why, you play as if you had studied for years. Who was your teacher?” someone asked.

“I had no teacher,” Eileen replied.

“Well, how in the world did you ever do it?” they asked.

“It's a secret,” said Eileen. And no amount of teasing would make her disclose it.

For Eileen, this night was just the beginning of a new world of pleasures. She became one of the most admired girls in the smartest of society. And all because she found this new secret to popularity.

On the way home, Eileen finally gave in and told Bill the whole story.

I Taught Myself

“You may laugh when I tell you,” Eileen began, “but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came I saw how easy it all was. I sent for the complete course. What pleased me so was that I

was playing simple tunes by note from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play several classics by note and most all the popular music. And, do you know, it only averaged a few cents a day!”

* * * * *

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that really makes reading and playing music as easy as A-B-C.

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ASK ME ANOTHER

By SALLY FORTH

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally FORTH, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

KITS OF ST. PAUL: So you are crazy about Clark Gable, are you? Well, I'm afraid you have lots of rivals for about fifty million gals, myself included, grow pale when that big heart-throb of the moment comes on the screen. Here are the details you wanted: Clark is six feet one inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. His forebears are all Pennsylvania Dutch. He was born February 1, 1901 in Cadiz, Ohio, but was educated in the grammar schools of Hopedale, Ohio, where he lived 17 years. He took a business course at Akron University, but got stage fever and joined a repertory company where he played everything from Romeo to old Scrooge. He became a star overnight in New York when he played "Killer Mears" in "The Last Mile". Pathé signed him for "The Painted Desert". Then M.G.M. signed him under a long term contract. He will play opposite Garbo in "Susan Lenox" which will be released just any day now.

RUTH S.: Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, California, on November 5, 1905. He is six feet two inches, weighs 185 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. He appears in "The Common Law" with Constance Bennett—by request, Miss Bennett's request. Connie seems to like Joel right well and they are seen lots of places together, but the Marquis is still on hand too. Connie hasn't announced any engagements yet.

Connie was born October 1905. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and a figure that brings tears of envy to these old eyes. Her latest picture is "Bought," made by Warner Brothers, with Ben Lyon as her leading man.

SOPHIE H.: Fredric March is five feet, eleven inches, and weighs 170 pounds.

The three Bennett sisters are American, daughters of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison.

Lupe Velez is still engaged to Gary Cooper—so says the whoopee girl.

Robert Montgomery is six feet one inch, and weighs 165 pounds.

E. SAYRE: That six-footer Gary Cooper is in foreign parts right now but is due back in New York soon. His next picture will be "Sal of Singapore" (may get a new name before released) which will be made out at Para-

mount's Long Island studio. The svelte Claudette Colbert will have the feminine lead though doubtless she won't be so svelte in Singapore. The Claudette-Gary team has never been used before but it looks like a grand combination to me. Hope you will like it.

I don't know of any star who has a birthday on May 8th. Gary Cooper on the seventh and Richard Barthelmess on the ninth is as near as I can get to it.

A FAN: Yes, I think "Dance, Fools, Dance," should be classified as a gangster picture. Clark Gable, who is causing all the feminine hearts to go pit-a-pat, was the bad man who put Joan Crawford on the spot.

James Cagney made his biggest success to date in "The Public Enemy". He had the leading rôle with Jean Harlow, Leslie Fenton, Mae Clarke and Donald Meek supporting him.

Really now do you mean to say that you don't know who played opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back?" And you call yourself a fan? Why Charlie Farrell, of course. And it should have been called the-woman-who-came-back, for it was the first picture Janet made after her long pout with Fox.

JEANETTE B.: John Arledge played the part of Jimmy MacBride in "Daddy Long Legs". I think he's awfully attractive too. A letter will reach him if you send it to the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood.

PHILIP: William Janney and Leon Janney are not brothers.

Joan Crawford's latest picture is called "This Modern Age", another one of those flaming youth affairs, and you'll have to admit that Joan flames beautifully. When this one is finished she will start on "Mirage". Monroe Owsley, ye old cup-bearer of the films, plays opposite Joan in "This Modern Age", and sobers up enough in the end to marry the gal. Those directors certainly like to "shoot" Monroe in his cups, don't they? Ever since he played the inebriated lad in "Holiday" so perfectly he has been in great demand for those teetering rôles. But at least he's allowed to get the girl in this picture, and the girl being Joan, that's a real break. There's a swell story on Monroe in this month's SILVER SCREEN. Don't miss it.

Tallulah Bankhead has finished "My Sin" at the Paramount Long Island studios and is planning to spend a month on a dude ranch in the wild and wooly West which will be quite a novel experience for the effete Mayfair lady. It isn't Gary Cooper's dude ranch that Tallulah has designs upon so no need for Lupe to gnash her teeth. Tallulah's next picture will be "Woman Against Woman" and will be made at the Long Island studios.

CANADA ELEN: Yes, I think it is a shame that Richard Cromwell was given such a long rest after "Tola'ble David" for he is certainly a capable lad. He had to sit around on the Columbia lot twiddling his thumbs for eight months, then all of a sudden Columbia seemed to remember him and rushed him into three pictures. He has already finished "Fifty Fathoms Deep" and "When Hell Broke Loose", and is now working on "Guilty Generation".

Write Cromwell at the Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood.

HELEN H.: So far Gloria has had three husbands, Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis de Falaise de la Coudraye, more popularly known as "Hank".

Jeanette MacDonald did not marry Robert Richie in June as she had planned. The wedding isn't off, says Jeanette, just delayed.

Lew Ayres is not married.



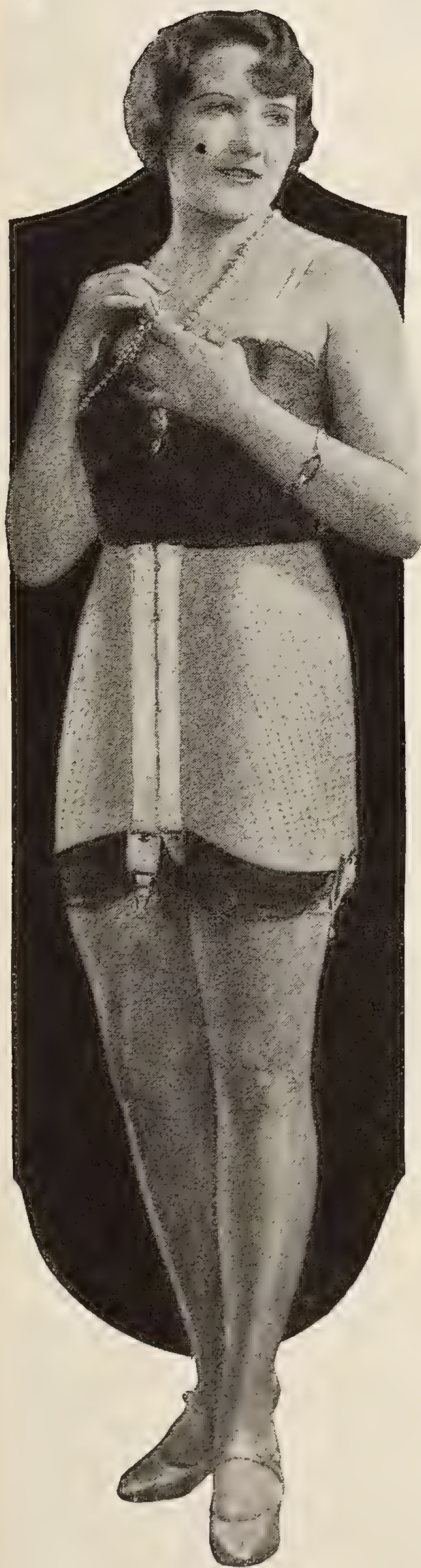
Janet Currie, M-G-M featured player, wears a combination sport and sun-back dress. When the sun comes out unexpectedly Janet uses the zipper—and presto! She is ready for a sun-tan

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Waist and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—in ten days.
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every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that *takes off flesh*.

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A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

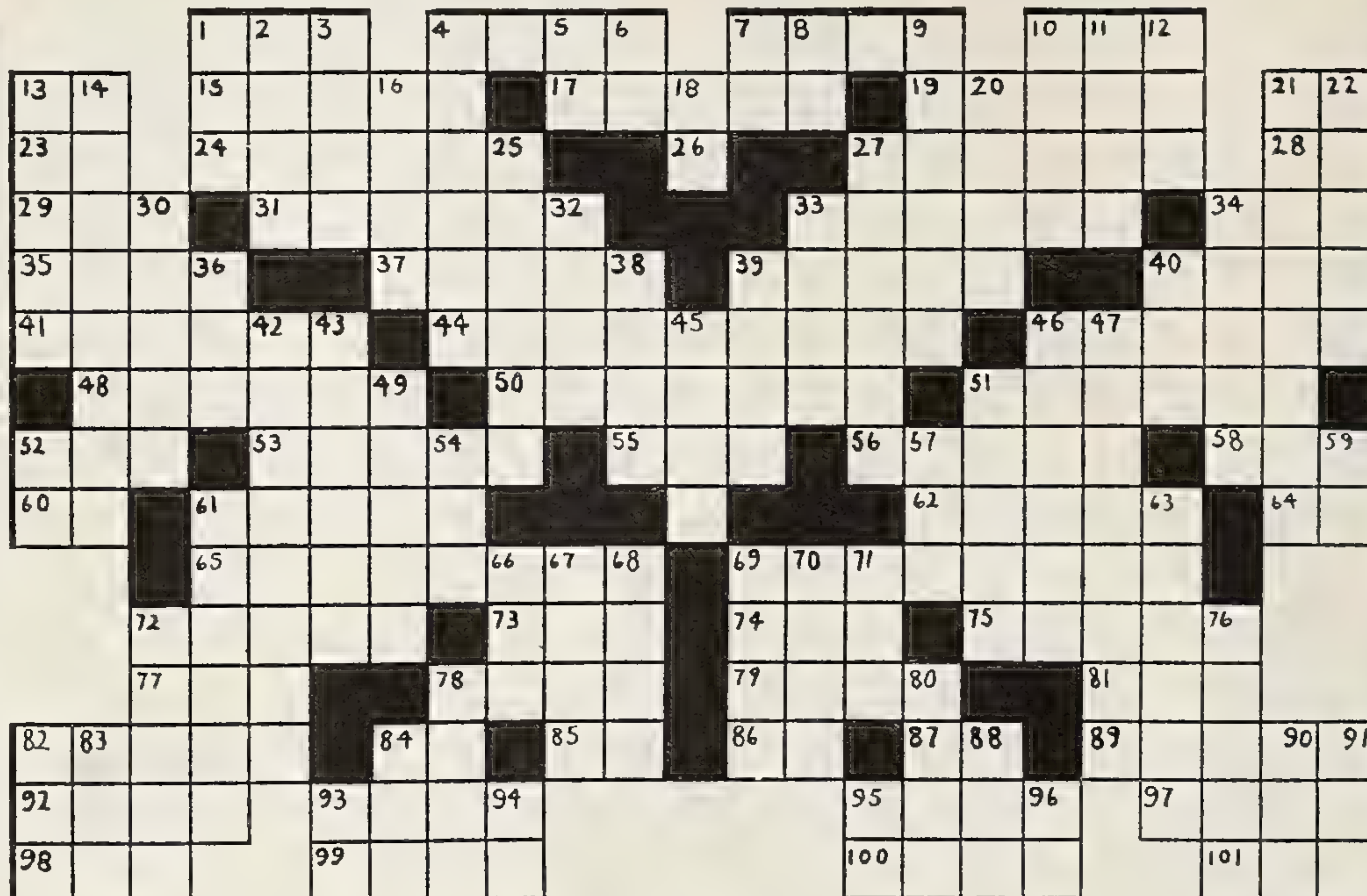
By J. H. Bryant



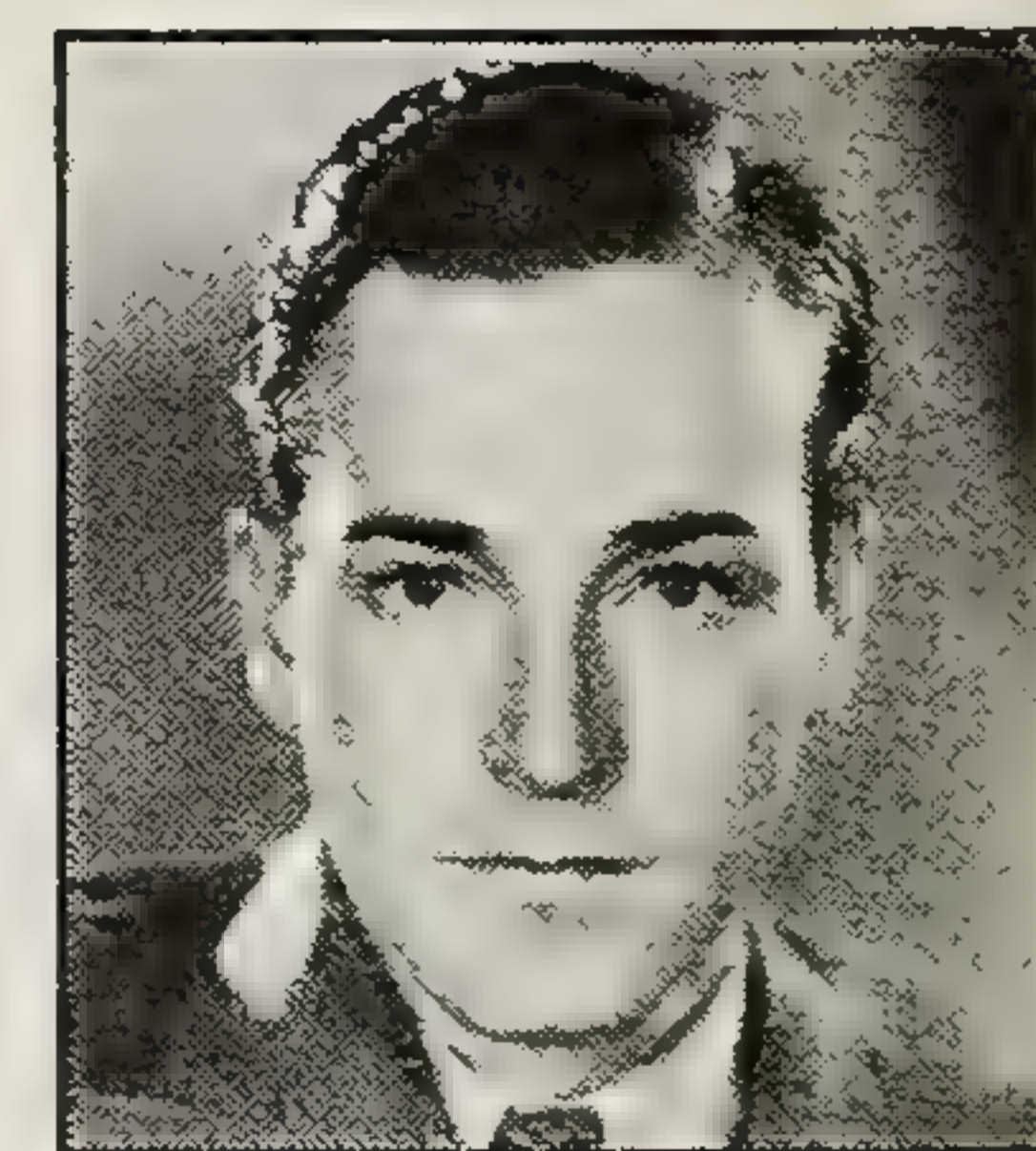
27 Down



7 Across



13 Across



39 Across

ACROSS

1. To give birth to
4. Cry
7. "The Star Witness"
10. Part of the verb to be
13. Initials of a Swedish star
15. A huge jungle beast (abbr.)
17. Mrs. Kenneth Hawks
19. Girl's name, possessive
21. A college degree
23. A scar
24. To set at an angle again
26. Nothing
27. Christian name of Mr. King
28. This actress has two large daughters (initials)
29. Knock
31. Girl's name
33. Christian name of 27 down
34. Elegant (abbr.)
35. Town and state (abbr.) of First Nat'l Studios
37. Italian coin
39. Young Manners
40. Narrative poem
41. More than just oil
44. Having an excess of gore
46. Lounging robe
48. Claudette Colbert's favorite egg dish
50. To add to
51. What the detectives do in crime films
52. He is Shy, what is his first name?
53. The leaf of a fern
55. Swedish name of a man
56. Co-star in "Fame"
58. Christian name of comedy producer
60. Mother of young Irving
61. A prop in "Hell's Angels"
62. Pertaining to one of the great races of mankind
64. The. French Fem.
65. You can pick these in Kay Francis' rose garden
69. A variety of these bulbs is named after Mary Pickford
72. Steps
73. He wrote "The Raven"
74. An awfully long time
75. This bird makes good hunting, and eating too
77. What contracts are signed in
78. He wrote fables
79. Jackie Cooper will be this on his next birthday
81. A health resort
82. Where wise money goes
84. A man's nickname
85. Initials of Mexican star
86. Prefix meaning "out"
87. Part of verb "to be"
89. Fate of movie actors rests on these
92. The specialties of artists
93. "Our ----"
95. Seize
97. Holds film
98. Dolores Del---
99. Edible shell fish
100. --- but never again
101. --- Dooley in "Honey-moon Lane"

DOWN

1. To mistake
2. An exclamation
3. --- Naldi
4. What successful films have, slang
5. Each (abbr.)
6. An addition to a letter
7. Company (abbr.)
8. Hour (abbr.)
9. Not Laic
10. --- Domini
11. Changed to "Sadie Thompson"
12. Feminine termination
13. Surname of the greatest star
14. What 13 down and 13 across is
16. Played opposite 13
18. In the direction of
20. --- Bennett, not Connie, Joan nor Barbara
21. Composed of two lines
22. A variety of palm
25. Cultivated
27. Star of "Five and Ten"
30. Trees dates grow on
32. Paradise
33. Christian name of author of play "Green Pastures"
34. Era
36. A falsehood
38. A German man's Christian name
39. It simply isn't --- in the best families
40. The bird so useful to puzzlists
42. This style of doing the hair has come back
43. To overthrow again
45. The star in "Salvation Hunters"
46. Feminine star in "Fame"
47. One who has ideals
49. The talkies have a lot of these
51. Christian name of 46 down
54. Beak
57. A small boy
59. A state (abbr.)
63. A pincher
66. The actors who are in jobs, slang
67. What the flops are shown
68. After August (abbr.)
69. Ex-Heavyweight champ.
70. She's in Trans-Atlantic
71. Star of "Holiday"
72. Ken Maynard rides one
76. One makes things more comfortable
78. Miss Oliver's parents named her this
80. Merit
82. This is what the censors do
83. A state, (abbr.)
84. On your head
88. Jeannette ---Donald
90. A non-alcoholic drink
91. Underhanded
93. Initials of a star not engaged to Lupe
94. Star of "The Mighty"
95. Onward
96. Live

(The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 71.)

Silver Screen's Movietown Topics



A happy moment for us, in the hammock with Anita Page

WHEN the King and Queen of Siam and the royal party of Siamese (none of them twins) recently visited the Paramount Long Island studios they found Tallulah Bankhead deep in "My Sin". So deep was Tallulah that she didn't want to be disturbed so when she was summoned to meet the King she merely lowered the famous Bankhead eyes to half-mast and said, "Aw Nuts". However, she changed her mind, or maybe Zukor as host had something to do with it—anyway she finally consented to give the King one of her best St. James curtsies. And the next day the Queen went up in the air in the Zeppelin.

INA CLAIRE was granted her divorce from John Gilbert on August 4, so now Jack is just what he was way back in 1914—a bachelor. In court Ina testified that: "Despite my efforts to soothe my husband, he had a bad temper. We separated and went back together about eight times." Jack had a few things to say too.

DESPITE all rumors that the Claudette Colbert-Norman Foster marriage vehicle is creaking the young couple have been spending the summer together at Montauk Point, Long Island, and never seemed happier. But the lovely Claudette is just one mass of freckles. As the shooting starts on "Sal of Singapore" next week she is now in the process of being de-freckled.

THAT long arm of coincidence is quite elastic when it comes to Connie Bennett. When luscious Connie and Le Marquis Henri la Bailly de Falaise de la Coudraye (aw, just call him Hank) arrived in New York together on their way to Europe the press simply danced circles about them asking all kinds of pointed questions. Connie was so surprised. Why how could the naughty press think such awful things! Why it was merely a coincidence that she and Le Marquis had arrived on the same train from the West! Why it was merely a coincidence that she and Le Marquis had engaged pas-

sage on the same boat going to Europe! Tsch! Tsch! Then Connie batted them baby blue eyes and said, "It's poor taste to talk about marrying a man who isn't completely divorced yet." Something's wrong with that picture.

CONNIE also pooh-poohed the reports that she had been sweethearting with handsome Joel McCrea, her leading man in two pictures. Just another coincidence? Wonder what Joel thought when he read about that? Perhaps it wasn't Connie, Joel, maybe it was a trick done with mirrors.

SYLVIA SIDNEY, Paramount's fair-haired child, tells a funny one on herself. Sylvia arrived in the old home town this week to be present at the opening of "An American Tragedy". It was her first trip home since she made good in them thar movies. Being a person of importance now she felt the need to cash a check (you know how those fan magazine writers do like to eat). As she walked along Broadway three girls gave her the ooh-a-celebrity look and nudged each other. "Ha," haed Sylvia, "guess I'm a movie star," and up went her pretty little head. But when she arrived at the bank no one would cash her check! "I'm Sylvia Sidney, the local-girl-who-made-good-in-pictures," she said in a quavering voice. "Never heard of you," the cashier assured her, and ditto the rest of the staff. Finally a third assistant paying teller identified her. And the check was cashed and the fan magazine writer fed.

IT LOOKS like eight to twelve weeks for poor Joan Bennett who was thrown from her horse recently. That's a long time to stay in a hospital. Joan insisted on riding an unmanageable horse in a film scene. He shied and bolted into a clump of trees. Joan suffered fractures of the spine. Her mother and sister Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) flew from New York to her bedside.

[More Movietown Topics on page 48]



Leslie Howard has made a great reputation and taught the world to be broad minded at the same time

SCREEN heroes aren't what they used to be—a girl can't trust a one of them any more!

For the 1931 model hero is a devastatingly dangerous individual who garners primroses along with his laurel wreaths and never mentions orange blossoms to the fair maiden by his side! (After all, orange blossoms—the old-fashioned kind, I mean—are going out of style, aren't they?)

In fact, we girls don't know which way to turn to be safe—but who wants to be safe, anyway? Not that we always felt this way—

Back in the days when "Broncho Billy" Anderson rode the range and rescued damsels in distress there were certain standards by which every well-trained hero could be recognized. He was always big and strong—calm in the face of danger—reverent to women. Temptation was just a word in the dictionary to him.

Of course, as the years rolled on, taste in movies changed. The horse-opera, the drawing-room drama, war spectacle and gangster film followed each other in successive cycles and many new favorites replaced the grizzled veterans of a thousand chases. But regardless of the time, the place or the film, a hero was a hero still and his motives were not to be impugned.

Francis X. Bushman, Harold Lockwood and Wallace Reid, our first real "matinee idols" followed the good old tradition that heroes be both virile and virtuous. And even "The Sheik" had strictly honorable intentions.

When Valentino died, and with him the vogue for Latin love, John Gilbert and Ronald Colman became the leading exponents of nobility and unimpeachable character.

Even Heroes

No one thing shows the advance of screen standards more than the hero of today when contrasted with the perfect lily white he-man of the pictures of yesteryear



If Neil Hamilton shows any more weaknesses he will become our favorite human being



Phillips Holmes struggles to be detestable

Until finally, in keeping with this modern age, the movies grew up! Audiences suddenly became tired of heroes that were too good to be true, and with a newly-awakened adult intelligence, called for screen characters who were human. This heralded the advent of our current favorites, each in his way unique, each with his own individual appeal, yet each epitomizing a different phase of frailty mixed with heroism.

For instance, there is fair-haired young Phillips Holmes of the boyish smile and tragic eyes. In most of his films Phil has portrayed characters possessing some inherent weakness—yet you condone rather than condemn him.

In "The Devil's Holiday" he was the country lad who proved an easy dupe in the hands of the scheming little manicurist. The rôle of an ill-fated habitué of a Cuban den of vice was his in "Her Man". "The Criminal Code" saw him as an unfortunate victim of circumstances while his part in "Stolen Heaven" was that of a thief.

Are Getting Human

By

Laura Benham



By the time Robert Montgomery is satisfied, "constancy" will be just a word back in the dictionary



Clark Gable soon will have to call for his mail with a Mack Truck



Chester Morris makes such likeable weaklings that he usually wins our forgiveness

But Phil manages always to imbue his rôles with a pathos and sympathy that rob them of their stigma. There is something so fresh and wholesome about him—his youthfulness is so authentic—that his screen characterizations are alive with the poignant suffering and soul-stirring struggle that confront all youth.

He is every mother's son—every girl's sweetheart, therefore, not to be judged too harshly.

There is a trick to it, of course, and it requires real acting. Our new, 1931 model hero may be a weakling, but he must be *lovable*. Perhaps we women have something to do with that. We don't want screen heroes who are too perfect for words (some of us have husbands of our own at home), but we don't want screen heroes, either, who aren't "nice"—a woman's definition of "nice". That is, we don't want a hero with whom we can't sympathize. He can't be vicious or nasty or mean. We want to feel that he's misunderstood, perhaps, and that if we were there we might—well—mother him—you know—

in "Inspiration". His rôle in "The Big House" was that of a weakling and a coward—yet he made even that despicable character sympathetic. And in "Shipmates", his first starring picture, he had his weak moments, too.

As a general rule, Bob behaves as no self-respecting hero in the past would have done—yet he makes our hearts go pit-a-pat, because we know there are men like that. Of course, if they tried their wiles on us—! Well, anyway—

Of an entirely different type is Fredric March who cannot rightly be called a "weakling"—even a lovable one, though he has little in common with heroes of the past. Rather, it is a quality of utter irresponsibility that has brought him the most distinction.

Freddie appeared in any number of straight-from-the-shoulder leads and was "just another leading man" until "Laughter" came along. In that, though he ran contrary to all precedents of how a gallant Galahad should act, he was delightfully [Continued on page 66]

GARBO "Played the Game"

Look Where She Is Now!



The coach of the University of Southern California gave Greta the gun and how she has been going ever since!

IT IS the business of every publicity department to "build up" the girls until they become well known to the public. To get these names printed the still photographers take shots of the hopefuls in the company of the great, or in comedy poses, leaving on planes, or kissing locomotives. Anything, in order to get the girl's face and name printed. When Garbo was unknown, when instead of being the ideal and worshiped model for all American girls, Greta was just a little girl from Sweden, the publicity photographers bossed her around and posed her this way and that. And because the Great Garbo was truly great, she saw the wisdom of the plan and did her best to suit them.

These publicity still photographers are imaginative boys, who aspire to be great cinematographers; but the lad who posed Greta Garbo as a runner about to enter a race must have had the foresight of a crystal

gazer. Enter the race she did, and in but a few years she has placed herself so far ahead of any star that ever lived that she has become a cult, and almost a legendary princess in her seclusion.

But those were the days! Imagine ordering the Garbo to come out into the studio yard and be jumped over! But she did it. She did not decide to go home when there was necessary work to do. If



Can you imagine Garbo plink-plunking? Or lined up with John Burk and his mates? (Cute shorts) Yet once upon a time they jumped over her! Garbo, who now towers above all, an inaccessible star!



Interesting Publicity Stills of
the Screen's Greatest Star
When She Was Just a Girl
Trying to Get Along

By Eliot Keen

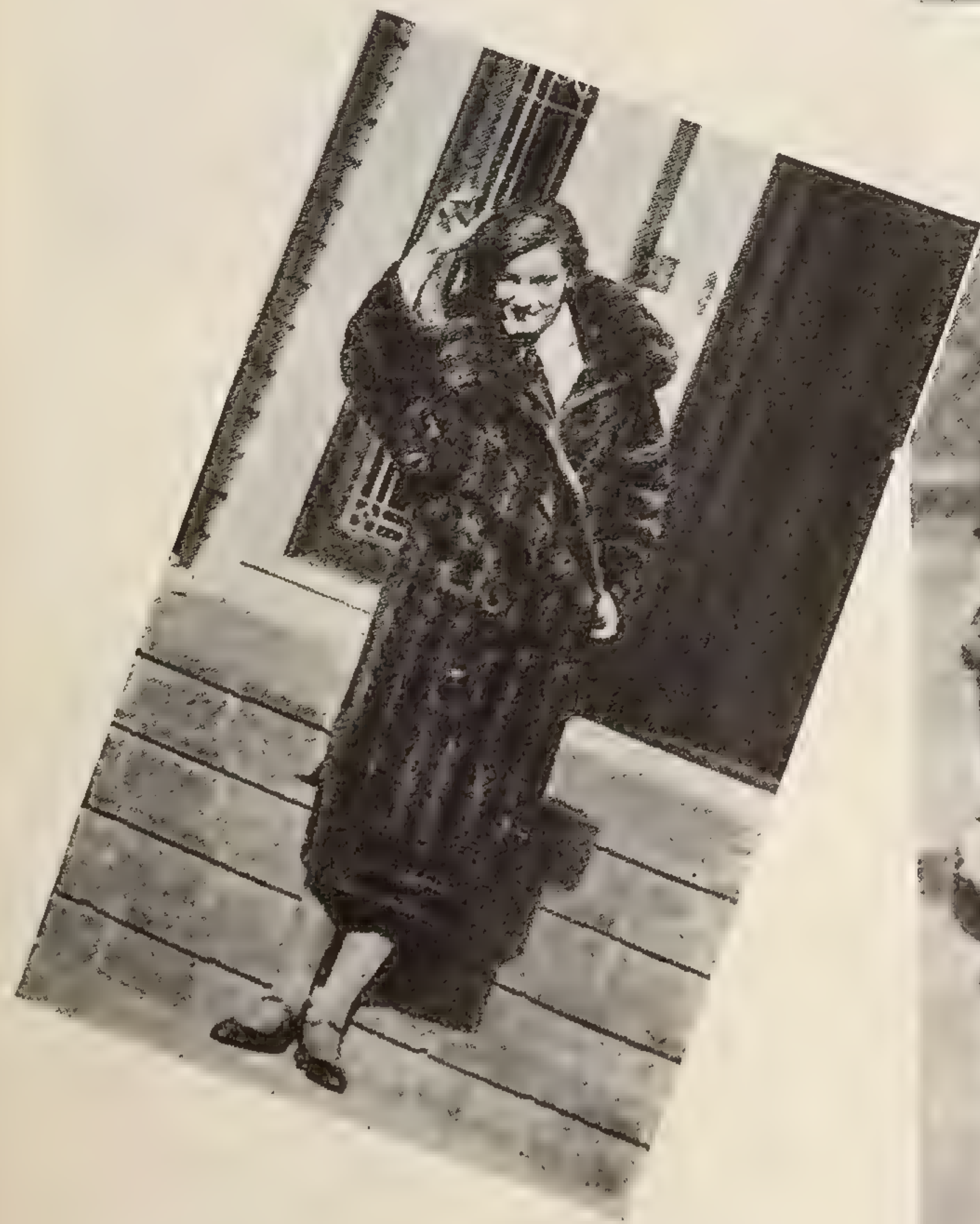
one admires the great art of this actress, one must also admire the humble willingness of Greta from Scandinavia. In a very strange part of a strange land, she did as she was told to do. She filled the little spot they had chosen for her, but ever thinking in her own mind that she would "show them" sometime.

When that day came she found that a hundred humiliations had given her Art a smoldering intensity. And sure enough, as the parts got better, Greta proved herself to be so great an actress that no longer could any one command her. The camera boys felt dumb in her presence and doors swung open before her as she moved through the studio, respected by all because she was and is a great artist.

Greta Garbo has not made a "Publicity Still" for three years.



Beautiful, successful, talented Garbo, for whom in "Mata Hari" the great Novarro will become just a leading man



Whooo-oo! Friendly Greta and the new fur coat. At the right the Metro lion notes the beginning of the Garbo withdrawal



Sylvia Sidney

The Little Girl With the Big Emotions

*Just when the big authors have gone
in for drama along comes Sylvia to
make these suffering girls seem very
real; and that's Art*

By
Radie Harris

MEMORIES.

Six years ago . . . a performance of "Prunella" given by the Theatre Guild School . . . in the audience—fond parents, doting relatives, third string critics and a few Broadway scouts . . . on the stage—a fifteen-year-old neophyte playing in the title rôle . . . an exquisite interpretation . . . everyone anxious to learn her identity . . . finding it on the program . . . Prunella . . . Sylvia Sidney.

A year later . . . the opening night of "Crime" at the Morosco Theatre . . . with a Broadway cast . . . James Rennie, Chester Morris, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Kent Douglass . . . Al Woods worrying about his ingenue lead, a newcomer, Sylvia Sidney . . . the last act . . . cheers, bravos, curtain calls for the "newcomer" . . . Al Woods puffing contentedly on his cigar.

After the play . . . a party given in her honor by her parents . . . crowds of Important People . . . adulation and homage . . . Sylvia, falling sound asleep in the midst of it.

The next morning . . . press notices . . . bouquets tied in superlatives . . . "local girl makes good". So overnight, FAME . . . and not even old enough to be kissed!

More memories.

A summer stock engagement at the Elitch Gardens in Denver . . . her leading man, a charming albeit unknown actor, named Fredric March . . . "Gods of the Lightning" . . . with Charles Bickford . . . Alexander Woollcott calling her "a miniature Cornell" . . . "Nice Women" . . . George Jean Nathan, breaking all precedent by remaining for the third act . . . "Bad



She has the No. 1 Dressing Room at Paramount now. Previous tenants were Clara Bow, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson

Girl" . . . Vanity Fair giving her a full page portrait. The winter of '29 . . . turning down the leading rôle in William Brady's production of "Street Scene" to accept a motion picture contract with Fox Films . . . appearing briefly in "Thru Different Eyes".

Three months later . . . returning to Broadway . . . loathing Hollywood . . . vowing never to return.

The winter of '31 . . . returning to Hollywood . . . replacing Clara Bow in "City Streets" . . . loving Hollywood.

So overnight a star of Paramount importance . . . and not even old enough to be kissed!

Such are the memories that surge kaleidoscopically through my mind as I try to put Sylvia Sidney on paper.

Although of Russian descent, Goya might have painted her—jet-black hair—eyes, pools of Mediterranean jade—luscious vermilion lips—and a figure as well curved as the Indianapolis [Continued on page 68]

In This Lies TRAGEDY

The Bitter Dregs of His
Unhappy Love Affairs
Have Poisoned
John Gilbert's
Self-respect

By

Edward Churchill



This scene from "The Phantom of Paris" might well be an off-stage picture of the great star who thinks himself forgotten

THIS is the tragic story of a tragic figure.

This is the bitter chronicle of a beloved character in motion pictures who today holds the sympathy of the world in his hands and who sees those hands as empty.

It is the pitiful tale of one of the most glamorous, colorful, brilliant and misunderstood men of the screen.

The man I write about has been called selfish, and insipid.

He is actually shy, self-conscious, sensitive and easily hurt.

Today, he is one of the most talked about men in motion pictures and he stands at a dividing point in the highways of his life, alone and disheartened.

The man of whom I write is John Gilbert.

He has worked for fifteen dollars a week.

He is working for ten thousand dollars a week.

For months at a time, he has not worked at all. And it irks a man not to work.

He finds that the joy has gone out of his work and he isn't quite sure why he is working today.

He has turned in performances which would have damned an extra. He has scored with performances which will be marked down as among the greatest in the history of the silver screen—we all remember "The Merry Widow", the Gilbert-Garbo pictures and "The Big Parade".

He was once an idol. He knows that.

He still is an idol and won't admit it to himself.

His strange feeling of inferiority, the weight of one disappointment after another, the shattering of his illusions and his beaten heart conspire to make of him a self-ordered and self-imposed hermit. He is a hermit,



mentally and physically. When he infrequently visits those who know the fineness and the goodness in him, he comes quietly and soon leaves.

But his heart and his soul and his spirit, no matter whom he may seek as a companion, still walk alone.

This is the Gilbert of today.

He harbors an unhappiness which is too great for him to defeat, of himself, and too deep to be explained to those who are nearest and dearest to him. The tragedy of this is that they might be able to help him lift himself

out of his mood. But Gilbert's friends are helpless.

What his end will be I cannot predict. Nor can those who know him better than I. Of himself, commenting on his entry into pictures years ago, he has said:

"I had found a job in motion pictures. Ariel had begun to play for me, and I, sure of his capture, chased madly after him. But I did not catch him. I never will."

Ariel stands for a song of peace, happiness and content.

Today, the man who penned these prophetic and pathetic lines lives alone in a lonely house on the deserted reaches of Malibu Rancho. He is alone with the boom of the surf and the fainter, mellow sounds of memory. He is silent— [Continued on page 74]

Their



Billie Dove has prematurely gray hair and has had for years. Does she hide it? No, it is a part of her personality

LITTLE defects in people often make them more human and lovable. Little defects in motion picture stars are often worth a million dollars.

A crooked smile, a touch of gray in the hair, a snub nose, an extra large (passionate) mouth, a high cheek bone, even a generous supply of avoirdupois, or the reverse, a skinny figure, have been worth many thousands of dollars in the film market.

Sometimes teeth, sometimes a pair of bee-stung lips, eyes that do not quite match, a wrinkled brow, deep hollows in the cheeks, or under the eyes, have pointed up otherwise classically perfect features and made them individual, interesting, intriguing on the screen.

Long, long ago, clever women learned that what might on the surface appear to be a serious flaw in countenance or figure, could be turned into a terrific asset.

Nowhere has this age-old secret of charm been more exemplified than in the picture colony.

Did you ever stop to think, as you bemoaned your snub nose, and sighed for



Although too old for little girl parts, Mary Pickford has been obliged to play rôles with which she has little sympathy

Did you know that Joan Crawford is far from being a perfect beauty?

the profile of a Garbo, as you gnashed your teeth and lamented your penchant to freckle, as you cursed the scales the day after a big chocolate fudge spree, that the loveliest creatures of film-land are usually lovely because they are not classically perfect?

That most of them wouldn't stand a chance in a national beauty contest? That they couldn't get within a mile of the judges' stand in a Miami pulchritude event? That they wouldn't stand a ghost of a show to win a blue ribbon when posed beside Miss Long

MILLION DOLLAR DEFECTS

It takes talent to succeed in Hollywood but it takes genius to capitalize a handicap

By Muriel Babcock



Gloria Swanson has never lost consciousness of her one great physical defect

Beach, Miss Oklahoma, or Miss Atlantic City?

The majority of the charmers of the screen are definite and vivid personalities, who have capitalized what might (by some) be considered glaring flaws, who have made their particular defect the object of adoration of thousands.

Did you have a childish complex about your beauty? Did you ever feel that because of this or that irregular feature, you were doomed to go through life, a homely uninteresting woman, unattractive to men, left out of the gay good times of others more fortunate?

Perhaps then, you can sympathize with an early tragedy in the life of Gloria Swanson, the lovely Swanson who now is one of the most poised, beautiful women in the world.

Gloria has big teeth. When she was in her teens, she was terribly self-conscious about them. Until she was almost twenty, she had a self-conscious habit of keeping her hand over her mouth when she talked, of never showing her teeth when she laughed.

"My teeth," she told me one day, "were the biggest tragedy of my girlhood. I will never forget

overhearing two of mother's callers discuss them, of hearing one remark thoughtfully, what a shame it was that Mrs. Swanson's little girl had such big teeth, that they would handicap her all through life. I didn't tell mother, but I cried for days."

"Even today," Miss Swanson confided, "some people think my teeth false, and one of my most embarrassing moments occurred not long ago, when a young man who had imbibed too freely, rushed up to me at a party, and pleaded in a thick voice, 'lemme see those false teeth of yours!'"

Yet, analyze the Swanson face. What makes it the tremendously interesting thing it is?

The languorous, graceful Billie Dove, with the soft melting eyes, and the curving figure, has gray hair. Not black flecked with gray, but out and out gray, such as your grandmother and great aunt possess.

Does this bother Billie? Does she resort to the dyeing parlors? No, she keeps it gray she says because:

"The [Continued on page 64]



Bebe Daniels has succeeded in making her one fault forgotten in the blaze of her personality

If Dolores Costello hadn't hated her nose so much perhaps she would not have married the perfect profile



SCREEN STARS or just girls~

Linda Watkins

*She's a Modern Girl
with a Starry Future*

LINDA appeared at a New York party last winter with a beautiful Chanel gown on backwards. (It wasn't a backless model, thank goodness!) A Paramount scenario writer thinking (oh, yes, they do) that poor little Linda didn't know about such things took her in the corner and told her about Chanel models. "I like it this way," Linda informed her and that settled that. And that explains a lot about Linda.

She was born in Boston, Mass., May 23, 1909, but when she was only a gurgling tot of four weeks her family moved to New York and brought her along. Even then she was planning to become a screen actress some day. She was educated at Lincoln School, Teachers College and the Theatre Guild School where she showed much promise. Her first play was "The Devil and the Cheese" in which she played neither the devil nor the cheese. Then came "The Ivory Door", a season of stock in Columbus, Ohio, and "Trapped" in Chicago. This led to a season of Ibsen revivals with Blanche Yurka, and New York began to Oh and Ah about the little Watkins girl. Her big stage success in the leading rôle in "June Moon" brought her a Fox contract. Her first assignment was the title rôle in "Sob Sister".

Linda is five feet, four and a half inches, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and blue grey eyes. She is unmarried and lives with her mother.



Irene Purcell

*From Indiana. Now,
Hoosier Favorite*

IRENE PURCELL'S earliest ambition was to be a nun or a nurse. So it was almost certain she would be an actress. Mr. and Mrs. James Purcell did right by their little Irene and sent her to the best schools in Hammond, Indiana, where she was born, and then on to St. Mary's Convent in Wisconsin, and thence to Anna Morgan's School. It was here that Irene began to wonder about footlights and experiment with grease paint.

Irene arrived at her screen job by way of the modern ladder. The days when the girls went in for extra jobs having passed, she went for stage experience and sought it where variety would be the handmaiden of knowledge, and that is "in stock". There were parental objections, of course, but when Irene got a job with George Arliss in Chicago the frowns turned to smiles, and even to proud beams.

She served her apprenticeship in stock companies and graduated from small parts to the leading rôles in "The Great Necker", "Cross Roads", and the Belasco stage success "Dancing Partner". It was while she was appearing on Broadway in the latter that M-G-M, who always has an eye out for little reddish blonds who weigh 108 pounds, invited her to make a screen test. Came "Just a Gigolo" with William Haines and "Man in Possession" with Robert Montgomery. That screen test must have been successful.



Fate Looks Over the Debs

Judith Wood

*Her Success is Certain,
She's a New Yorker*



WHEN Judith was seventeen her mother took her to Paris for two years to study art. Unlike most Americans in Paris she learned to speak fluent French which ultimately resulted in her Paramount contract. As the bogus countess with the perfect French accent in "It Pays to Advertise" she caused the Paramount executives to sit up and sign up.

But while she was waiting for opportunity to knock she indulged in nearly every type of commercial art work. She posed for magazine illustrations and advertisements and her face rapidly became as well known in the magazines as it is now on the screen. In her off moments she designed costumes for the Cherry Lane Theatre in New York and became an actress as a side line. The critics gave her rave notices so she decided to try her luck in Hollywood and after a screen test won the leading rôle in "Children of Pleasure". Since then she has appeared in "The Divorcee", "Soldiers and Women", "It Pays to Advertise", "The Vice Squad", and "Women Love Once".

Judith has blonde hair and green eyes and weighs 120 pounds. She was born in New York City and her father is Merle Johnson, well-known cartoonist. She's just past the voting age.

She started in pictures as Helen Johnson, but the old numerology bug must have bitten her for soon after she signed her Paramount contract she blossomed out as Judith Wood.

Peggy Shannon

She's Good Hollywood News Already

SOME people live in New York apartments for years and never know anything about the family next door except that they have a loud speaker on their radio and get a quart of Grade B every morning. But Peggy Shannon had been brought up on the back fence social life of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the state that made the slow train famous, and she just had to talk to somebody. She chose the girl next door.

Her new acquaintance invited Peggy to go back stage with her for the thrill of it and just to complete the thrill and knock the little girl from the country out cold introduced her to Ziegfeld, the maestro in person. "Who's Ziegfeld?" asked Peggy. Earl Carroll and George White have asked that question—but never before has a beautiful red head with an oh-so-pretty figure shown such ignorance. This immediately made Peggy a novelty and a roving publicity man took her picture with the great Glorifier. The next day the newspapers with their customary accuracy announced "Ziegfeld Signs Arkansas Beauty", and Ziegfeld, being a gentleman and a scholar, had to put Peggy in his show to keep from making the newspapers out a lie.

Peggy went dramatic and played in fifteen successive failures. Paramount signed her and sent her west where she arrived just in time to replace la Bow in "The Secret Call." Then "Silence" and "The Road to Reno."



"Smooth" Ladies

When they possess a quality as indescribable and irresistible as the bouquet of a wine—they are "smooth". It is the latest slang and the highest compliment

By Adele

Whitely Fletcher

THE Queen is dead! Long live the Queen! Once again the style in screen stars changes . . .

And it looks very much as if the modern Circe would prove the most potent charmer of them all.

Long ago we had Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, and Louise Glaum. We had generously curved ladies with big smudgy eyes who wore gowns that had flowing trains and sleeves, but which were noticeably inadequate otherwise. They were supposed to be ladies with a Way about



Mary Brian never has been a spotlight claimer and some folks love her the better for it



Fay Wray is so happily married that studio stuff doesn't seem so important

Marlene Dietrich has the dramatic aura that wins the critics and the little-girl-at-home manner that wins all the rest of us



Tallulah Bankhead has the fire of the true artist that warms you to admiration

them. But I've never met the man who actually wouldn't have run away from their counterpart as if she were a plague. Men, generally speaking, prefer their women straight and at least seemingly conventional.

Then, quite recently, we had Clara Bow and Alice White and a long procession of Cuties who rolled their big blue, black, green or brown eyes and kept their hips syncopated. Flaming youth! It! Need I go on?

We had, too, the little flapper, charming enough in her own way but completely lacking in individuality. Cast in a mould. A pretty little puppet who waited around in a more or less appealing and decorative manner until the handsome hero was ready to take her into his strong arms for the fade-out.

Today, however, another quality is the key that unlocks the golden door to Fame. Something else again. Something very different. Ruth Chatterton has it. Greta Garbo. Norma Shearer. Tallulah Bankhead. Marlene Dietrich. Constance Bennett has it too. It's an indescribable quality as subtle and irresistible as the bouquet of a rare wine or the seasoning of a chef's sauce. It can best be described, I think, as a beautiful shining [Continued on page 72]

STAR RISING *in the* WEST

GRETA GARBO

FROM respectful fans the Garbo admirers have changed to violent partisans. So much so that Garbo moved her Hollywood residence again. She resented the sight-seeing busses. How Garbo-like and lady-like for her to withdraw quietly, having no controversy with the vulgar

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL





ANNA MAY WONG

AFTER her sensational cinema triumphs in London and Berlin, Anna returns to America in the "Daughter of the Dragon." Her real name is Wong Lu Tsong and she was born in Los Angeles, the daughter of a —Can you guess?— laundryman. Anna when twelve years old broke into pictures with Nazimova in "The Red Lantern" and became our first Chinese star. Last Winter in "On the Spot" on Broadway a Paramount contract found her again

JOAN CRAWFORD

BLONDE Joan in a pretty frock way down to her dancing toes is our best ad for marriage and stardom. She has been called the Venus figure of the screen and that's flattery for Venus. She has danced in many a night club and in many a picture, and still dances—but mostly for joy. "The Mirage" is her next adventure in giving delightful reality to ethereal visions

SHEARER





ADOLPHE MENJOU

HE WAS born in Pittsburgh of French parents. His college was Cornell. Menjou enlisted at the beginning of the war as a private and returned from the war a captain, having served in the ambulance corps in Italy. (Did you read Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms"?) Menjou can whisper in English, German, French, Spanish and Italian. He has just finished "The Great Lover"



BELA LUGOSI

THE mysterious Lugosi is now a bachelor for the fourth time, and still some mystery left. He is now a naturalized American citizen, although his Hungarian childhood made him familiar with witch tales and vampires. He eats neither sugar nor butter. "Dracula" has established him, and his appearance in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is awaited with shudders of delight.



ARLINE JUDGE (left)
ROBERTA GALE

"ARE These Our Children?" which is being produced by Radio will bring dark Arline and fair Roberta in out of the gladiola field to bloom in our own theatre. Arline confesses that she's in love. What about you, Roberta?



ELEANOR BOARDMAN

SHE'S an authority on interior decorating but for exterior decorating she just climbs on the wall and finishes off the whole landscape. If you do not remember her in "The Crowd" you can see her now in "Women Love Once", and more delightful than ever. "Dover Road" next.

COBURN



CLARENCE SINCLAIR

MADGE
EVANS

SHE has played in quite a number of pictures already and you no doubt saw her, either in "Son of India", "Guilty Hands", "Sporting Blood", or "Hell Divers" or perhaps in all. She knew them when, which perhaps has helped to keep her unspoiled with her sudden success

MADGE EVANS, *Veteran Troupers*

*She Used to Toddle Onto the Set; Now She
Could Strut a Bit Only She Isn't that Kind*

By
Frank Wheelwright



MR. RIPLEY ought to sit down and talk with little Madge Evans.

For she is certainly a Believe-It-Or-Not girl if there ever was one.

For six years she was a motion picture star yet never saw Hollywood until a few months ago.

Her film career began as far back as 1917 yet she isn't quite twenty-one now.

John Barrymore's leading lady at the age of thirteen. She remembers John Gilbert as a script clerk; Josef von Sternberg as a cutter; Clarence Brown herding extras; Evelyn Brent as Betty Riggs . . . *ad infinitum*.

Motion pictures have grown up since Madge first toddled on the set of the old World Film Corporation over in Fort Lee, N. J., to play in "Sudden Riches". So has Madge. Like the film industry, there are some things she would like to forget.

For instance:

You surely remember the blue-eyed elf who perched upon a snowy bar of soap, gazed appealingly at countless millions of people in subways, trains, street cars, and in magazines and billboards, asked:

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

Well, hide Madge's blushes, she was the fluffy darling!

"Now, a leading lady experiencing a meteoric ascension to new fame in talkies, Madge wants to leave those childhood things behind for the moment.

"I would like to become known for something be-

Madge in a scene from "Sporting Blood" teaches her Thoroughbred how to step, and that gal knows. Her next is "Heartbreak" opposite Charlie Farrell

sides soap," Madge pleaded.

"Ah," we reminded. "But think of poor Leila Hyams—they still call her the 'Listerine Girl' on Broadway!"

"I know," she murmured,

"but there's something else I haven't told . . ."

Relentlessly, we dragged the truth from her reluctant lips.

"I also advertised beer!" she moaned weakly.

"But was it—er—good beer?"

"Oh, yes. The best"—(this somewhat proudly)—"It was Anheuser-Busch beer . . . you remember that?"

We did . . .

"Well, Anita Stewart and I posed for their calendar. She was sixteen. She posed as my mother. It really was artistic—even if it was for a brewery. But why must I bring all those things up again? Yes, I posed for Charles Dana Gibson but that was sometime later, after I made my debut on the stage."

Oddly enough, while Madge was telling of playing with John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson", a silent picture, she was dabbing make-up on her face to make ready for a scene in "Guilty Hands", a Bayard Veiller mystery drama, in which she is leading lady with Lionel Barrymore.

Before that she had played with Ramon Novarro in "The Son of India"—the film that marked her return to the screen.

"Everything is changed," she went on. "When I started out here to work [Continued on page 70]

The Cook's NIGHT

By
Harry D. Wilson

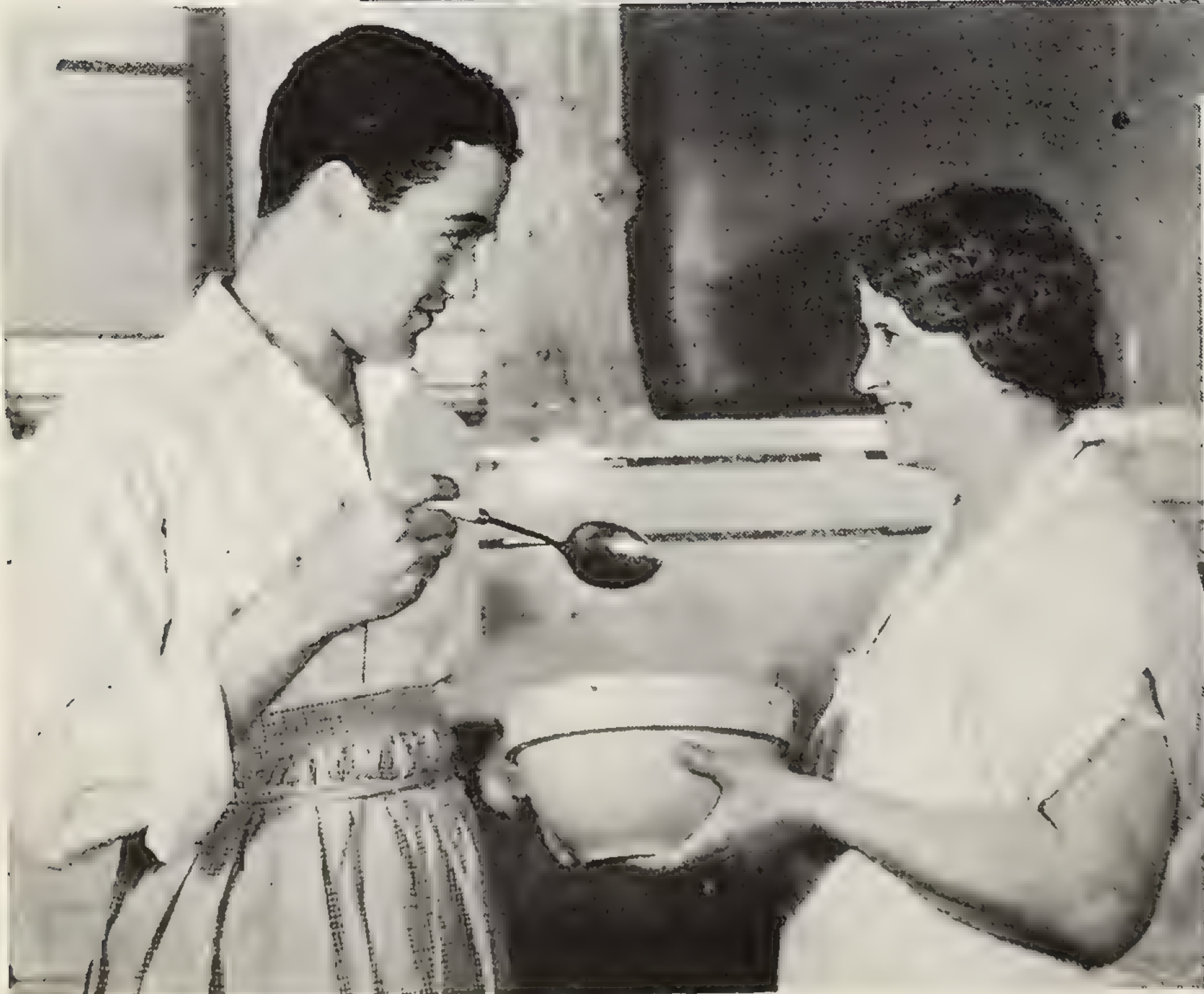
THE cook's night out in Hollywood is the big night of the week. Many of the best known stars are excellent cooks. They can toss an omelet or concoct a new spaghetti dish along with the best of high-powered chefs.

While they are seen several nights a week dining in some smart café or club, they generally gather a few choice friends around when the cook steps out and make kitchen whoopee with great results.

When Caruso was the big opera personality, his fame as a chef was secondary only to his golden tenor voice. Enrico never boasted about his voice, but he would certainly tell the gang how good he was at making a sauce that turned spaghetti into a wondrous food.

Whether or not Caruso set the style for artists indulging in kitchen orgies, the struggle for cooking supremacy goes on merrily in the film colony.

Marie Dressler invites her friends to dinner en casserole savored with a hearty welcome



A proud mother and cook Charles (Buddy) Rogers whose chef d'oeuvre is Oysters Louisianne

Dolores Del Rio pretends there is nothing to eat so that she may prepare "Huacamole"



OUT

When the Stars Try Out Their Favorite Recipes

When Gary Cooper and his mother, Mrs. Henry Cooper, confer about a real Montana rancho meal



Dick Arlen is a yachtsman and knows how to make a galley smell most inviting

Only a few weeks ago Leo Carillo put on a barbecue at his Santa Monica rancho that is still being talked about. Carillo is one of the best cooks in the colony, specializing in Spanish dishes that are his by virtue of recipes inherited from a long line of Spanish ancestors. Leo has a faithful Chinese chef who has almost forgotten the art of oriental cooking for the fiery Spanish dishes that tickle his master's palate.

According to Harry Bannister, cook's night out means the best meal of the week for him. For then his famous wife, Ann Harding, slips into the rôle of chef, displaying a rare culinary flair.

Ann does not pay a great deal of attention to the kitchen activities of her home except one night each week—Thursday. She is a firm believer in hiring capable employees and letting each one attend to the department of which he is in charge, and believes this principle should apply to the home as well as any business enterprise.

On Thursday nights however, Ann prepares a meal fit to tempt a king—or what is more important to her, one that delights the palate of Harry. Thick, juicy steaks, French fried potatoes, onion soup, a salad with roquefort dressing—are some of her [Continued on page 76]



Irene Dunne says you can always tell when a girl is happy by the sound she makes with a chopping bowl



The temperamental Monroe gets an artist's joy out of the sunlight, the lawn, the pooch and Joan Crawford

HE'S SORE *because* HE'S A HIT



A FEW months ago the public, outside the metropolitan area, had never heard of Monroe Owsley. The sensationally successful "Holiday" was released and, in the rôle of the sottish brother, he scored almost as great a success as Ann Harding. Since then he has worked with scarcely a day off between pictures. "Ten Cents A Dance", "Free Love", "Honor Among Lovers", "Indiscreet" and "This Modern Age" have followed in rapid succession.

This Interview with
Monroe Owsley is Al-
most Word for Word
—and was He Burning?

By

S . R . M o o k

particular part, producers think you can't do anything else and they go blithely on, casting you in carbon copies of that same part. You stagnate.

"I was all puffed up about the part in 'This Modern Age' and gave it all I had. It was something different. I got the girl in the end. Now, they've rewritten the whole thing and Neil Hamil-

ton gets her. That burns me up. I never get a girl.

"When I signed this contract they promised me I wouldn't be typed. But look what's happening."

I pointed out that the most successful people in pictures are those who confine themselves to the parts they can do best.

"I can do other parts equally well," he persisted, "if they'd give me a chance. I did romantic parts on the stage before I came into pictures."

"Yes," I argued, "but the picture public doesn't know it. Certain people like to see you play heavies and they go to see a picture featuring you because they're tired of seeing sugary heroes. If you change your type they'll be disappointed and you'll have to build up an entirely new public."

"I don't mind playing [Continued on page 70]

"But," Monroe groans, "I've played exactly the same part in every one of them. It's—it's—it's *ossifying*, if you know what I mean. And I'm sick of it. They're not going to 'type' me. I'll go back to the stage first, and do the things I know I can do, even if it means giving up my contract."

The day on which this interview took place, his spirits were at an ebb. It was the day after a double holiday and, according to Monroe, he had spent it in sleepless worry over what course to take.

"Life out here," he continued, "is de-vitalizing. It isn't only the climate that saps your strength and energy, it's the treadmill you're on in this business.

"You make a hit in a part and you think 'Fine. Now I've got a swell start, it'll be easy from here on.' It is—like fun. Because you happen to be good in one

Environment!



Ivan Lebedeff kissed hands when it meant something

Youthful
Memories
Flower Into
Great Screen
Performances



James Cagney knew some model murderers



Joan Bennett's runaway marriage and her baby at eighteen were not events arranged to make her an actress, but they contributed to her heritage

JAMES CAGNEY was only eight years old when he developed some playmates who later ended their careers in electric chairs.

At the age of twelve, Mae Clarke wanted a new dress, and she became a soda-jerker and a candy-packer before she accumulated the necessary cash.

Ivan Lebedeff might still have been kissing hands at the throne of the final Czar of Russia had not an inopportune revolution taken place.

Joan Bennett never went hungry, because both her father and mother were stage stars—and the combined weekly income was sufficient to send her to a finishing school in France.

ENVIRONMENT!

Famous criminologists often have commented upon the subject. "Birds of a feather" etc., is an ancient "saw".

Yet background means a great deal to those who are coming into the movies nowadays. It's the rôle you really make good in that is hailed by Hollywood as the one that revealed your true personality.

In other words those who score today, must *live* rather than *play* their characterizations.

The public talks about "types"

By Bob Moak

—dangerous things at the best—that "make" and "break" our idols!

Jimmy and Mae and Ivan and Joan can tell you more about that situation than any other four persons in Cinematown. They have just eased themselves into starring contracts as a result of their early up-bringing . . . Jimmy at Warner Brothers due to his outstanding work as the hoodlum in "The Public Enemy" . . . Mae at Universal because of her superlative performance in "Waterloo Bridge" . . . Ivan,

"to the manor born," offspring of the privy counsellor to the Czar and Czarina of Russia . . . Joan, brought into the world as one of three sisters by Adrienne Morrison, the wife of Richard Bennett, both of them drawing fleshy pay checks from footlight producers.

So we'll cut back to this fellow Cagney, first!

JIMMY was born in New York City July 17, 1904. His father was an auditor employed by a chain of drug stores.

But Cagney, Sr., lost his position.

There were four boys and an infant daughter. Pa Cagney, being old-fashioned, enjoyed his glass of beer on the way home each evening. He purchased it at the corner saloon.

Early Environments Shape the Greatest Screen Roles

Jimmy's dad told his troubles to the owner of the neighborhood "oasis". He offered the auditor work as a bar-keep.

Because he was somewhat more brilliant than his brothers of that white-coat-and-apron period, it wasn't long before a brewery financed the elder Cagney in a "place" of his own.

That epoch brought about an exodus of the Cagneys from the lower East Side to the Yorkville district of New York. Perhaps the infant James didn't appreciate it at the time, but it was the acquaintanceships he developed there that provided him with the understanding of life that finally led to his screen prominence.

The "gang" went to school—and fought each other's battles at recess and after hours. The "toughest" members of that "outfit" of Jimmy's succeeded in a business way or in the professions.

Jimmy, too, grew up, and, graduating from Peter Stuyvesant High, entered Columbia University. Meanwhile, he had been working his way, first as an office boy on the *New York Sun*, then wrapping packages in a department store.

He insisted upon being an artist—paint portraits, you know—so he enrolled for the fine arts course.

He was well on his way when tragedy hit the Cagney domicile. His father died.

That meant Jimmy not only had to finance his education, but also contribute to the support of his mother, a trio of brothers and a baby sister. Never had he found time to participate in college sports, but that didn't mean he wasn't a baseball player. As a matter of fact, he was drawing ten dollars a game as shortstop on a semi-professional team.

More income was necessary, though, if he would continue at Columbia. A friend asked him if he could dance.

"Sure," replied this confident Jimmy who up to the moment had never taken a step on a ballroom floor. That response, however, led to Jimmy joining the chorus of "Pitter-Patter," a Broadway musical comedy hit.

But he didn't give up his place on the team.

JOHNNYRUSSO went to his death in New Jersey—the penalty for having slain a bank cashier. Jimmy Cagney knew that killer as one

of his playmates in Yorkville. It was rather a jolt to this Columbia student to find the newspapers featuring the tragic end of one of his boyhood pals.

Jimmy's nine was sent to Sing Sing shortly afterward. There they were to play the prison team—inside the stone walls, of course.

Before the contest the visitors were shown about the institution. The death cells had been reached.

"Hi, Cagney, what's the idea of hi-hatting me," came a voice from the "row". Jimmy turned, and there, with only the steel bars separating them, he saw Peter Heslin, condemned to die for the shooting of a policeman in Brooklyn.

Jimmy shook hands with the blue-eyed lad he had known years before.

The ball game got under way, and Jimmy was at bat. The arm of the Sing Sing pitcher wound for a speedy curve.

"Want it fast or slow, Jimmy?" called the convict-twirler.

Jimmy took a second look at the fellow.

Before him stood "Red" Russell, another of his childhood crowd. "Red" it seems, had been Peter Heslin's companion the night the Brooklyn cop was killed.

Johnny . . . Peter . . . "Red" . . . gone the route . . . murderers all!

"Certainly, I should be able to play gangster rôles," the auburn-haired Jimmy told me the other day as we sat in the living room of his Hollywood apartment, from the big front window of which he gazes up into the hills that afford sites for the residences of Ann Harding and Jack Gilbert and John Barrymore. "But being a picture addict myself I can find many a laugh in the fellows who have scored success in such characterizations.

"A gangster isn't the hard-boiled person Wally Beery made him in 'The Secret Six' and as Chester Morris portrayed him in 'Alibi'. It takes a comedian to do the job and put feeling into it. That's why I say Jimmy Gleason plays the rôle on the screen the way those playmates of mine did it in real life.

"The gangsters, as I know them, are soft-spoken, charitable to the extreme—except when a 'job' is to be done.

"As I look back to [Continued on page 80]



In Mae Clarke's youthful environment moved the glamorous figure of a bad girl. Mae studied her between serving orders for ice cream sodas

"If," says Pat, "I hadn't been there, and IF he hadn't been there—" Just luck you see, no credit to him at all, at all.

Pat of the Milwaukee O'Briens

By

Marquis Busby

NOW some folks say that there is no such thing as Fate. If you were to talk from now until doomsday you couldn't convince Pat ("Front Page") O'Brien that Fate hasn't played a leading part in his career.

To begin with Pat is Irish. Some people are Irish and don't look it. Others aren't Irish at all and look it. Pat is Irish and he looks it. And how! Speaking of the map of Erin—it is stamped all over Pat's good looking face. The Irish sort of believe in wee small folks, will o' the wisps and banshees that howl in the dead of night. With that heritage of Celtic lore in his blood, there is little reason to wonder that he feels grateful to a kindly Fate for guiding Fame—not to his doorstep but to the theater where he was playing in New York.

A year or so ago Lewis Milestone, Marion Davies, and a group of Hollywood people were discussing a play to attend that night in New York. "The Green Pastures" was their choice. Milestone had already seen it, but he rode to the theater with his friends, planning on dropping into some nearby playhouse and joining them later. Across the street twinkled the lights of "The Up and Up".

Milestone went in, and what is more important to this story, he saw Pat O'Brien in the play. He did not forget him when he began to cast about for a player to fill the Hildy Johnson rôle in "The Front Page," that amazing, bombastic comedy of newspaper men.

"That's how I got the assignment," Pat explained. "It sounds like the long arm of coincidence, doesn't it? If my play hadn't been right across the street from 'The Green Pastures', and if Milestone hadn't already seen that, it isn't likely that I would be in Hollywood now. I never dreamed of pictures as a career.

"Of course it helped, too, when I discussed the picture with Howard Hughes' representatives, that I had



The front page of Pat O'Brien whose work in "The Front Page" and "Personal Maid" got him this page for himself

played 'The Front Page' in stock. They never asked me whether or not I had played the Hildy Johnson rôle on the stage, and I never bothered to explain. I hope I'm not too dumb that way. Later, Milestone used to ask me about this or that point on the stage, I always avoided telling what rôle I had played.

"Finally I was asked just how I had played one of Hildy's scenes on the stage. Then I had to tell them that I had appeared as Walter Burns, the magaging editor, and the rôle Adolphe Menjou played on the screen. Milestone was astonished. Probably it was just as well that we were far into the picture. I don't know, but it might have made a difference."

When Pat told me his birthplace I couldn't help laughing. He was born in Milwaukee. Patrick William O'Brien coming from the German city of Milwaukee! Now I know that the Wisconsin metropolis undoubtedly has a big Irish population. Any city has. They say God must have loved the Irish. At least he

made many of them. They are everywhere, from Maine to San Diego, but I still can't reconcile myself to O'Brien of Milwaukee. It would be like Toplitsky of Belfast.

After grammar and high school Pat entered Marquette University in Milwaukee, and started to study law. It didn't interest him but football did. O'Brien was a mainstay of the Marquette teams, and his picture landed on the sporting pages long before it appeared in the dramatic sections.

Routine courses never held his interest. He admits that he changed his college courses every semester, but he tried to stick it out to please his father and mother.

"I suppose the show business was in my blood," he said. "It has always fascinated [Continued on page 73]



Dorothy Lee had the ghastly experience of receiving the funeral flowers sent to her home

I WALKED into a Hollywood barber shop one day recently and Rudy, my favorite chop-and-trimmer, stared at me as if I were a ghost.

"I thought you were *dead!*" he exclaimed.

"Not quite," I remonstrated, "but if this depression continues . . ."

"The newspapers said Dorothy Lee killed her lover," Rudy interrupted. "I knew she was your wife and I thought . . ."

"Just another case of mistaken identity," I laughed. "Two Dorothy Lees, I mean. It is hard to appreciate how often such similarities cause confusion in Hollywood.

"What do you think, for instance, when I tell you that Robert Montgomery once spent ten days in jail for drunkenness? Will you believe me if I swear that Douglas Fairbanks was sentenced for vagrancy by a Hollywood police judge and William Haynes narrowly escaped being imprisoned for burglary?

"This is no joke; it is gospel fact. Those things actually took place. The cited cases are not only authentic but many others, involving equally famous screen names, appear on the Los Angeles police dockets."

Before I left the barber shop, I promised Rudy I would discover as many strange name mix-ups as possible in order to prove to him that a rose by any other name may not be so innocent.

Names that

Hollywood Local News Often Reads Like World Beating Sensational Stories

On January 10, 1930, Robert Montgomery, motion picture actor, was arrested for appearing on the streets of Hollywood in an intoxicated condition. He pleaded *Guilty, with extenuating circumstances*, claiming the liquor was given to him on a motion picture set during a banquet scene. The judge was well aware that intoxicating liquors are prohibited in the studios. In pronouncing a ten day sentence his Honor declared the defense insufficient.

Two weeks later, Hollywood newspapers featured in banner lines the tragic suicide of Dorothy Lee, who killed her lover before turning a pistol on herself. The item created a sensation in the film colony, where Dorothy was born and raised. Hundreds of sympathetic notes and myriads of beautiful flowers were sent to the home of Dorothy's parents.

On the very same day, Douglas Fairbanks was jailed for vagrancy. One lone, thin dime represented his worldly capital. The judge took pity on Doug and provided him free board at the county workhouse for thirty days. Following his release, Fairbanks was warned never to return on penalty of a longer sentence.

According to Hollywood police, William Boyd is a bad actor. Last year he committed almost every minor crime in the category, ranging from petty thievery to wife beating. Six different times he was sent to jail, the aggregate of his sentences being seven months with no time off for good behavior.

While returning from Agua Caliente, John Gilbert partook too often of moonshine in San Diego and was arrested. Something was done about his case and he escaped punishment. The police records of the city make no mention of the incident, which probably makes John happy.

B. Washburn became a suspicious character in Los Angeles on St. Patrick's day. He was apprehended while loitering around an exclusive girls' school. Washburn claimed to have been there on business but the judge decided it was monkey business. For ogling the pretty students, Washburn was fined twenty-five dollars.

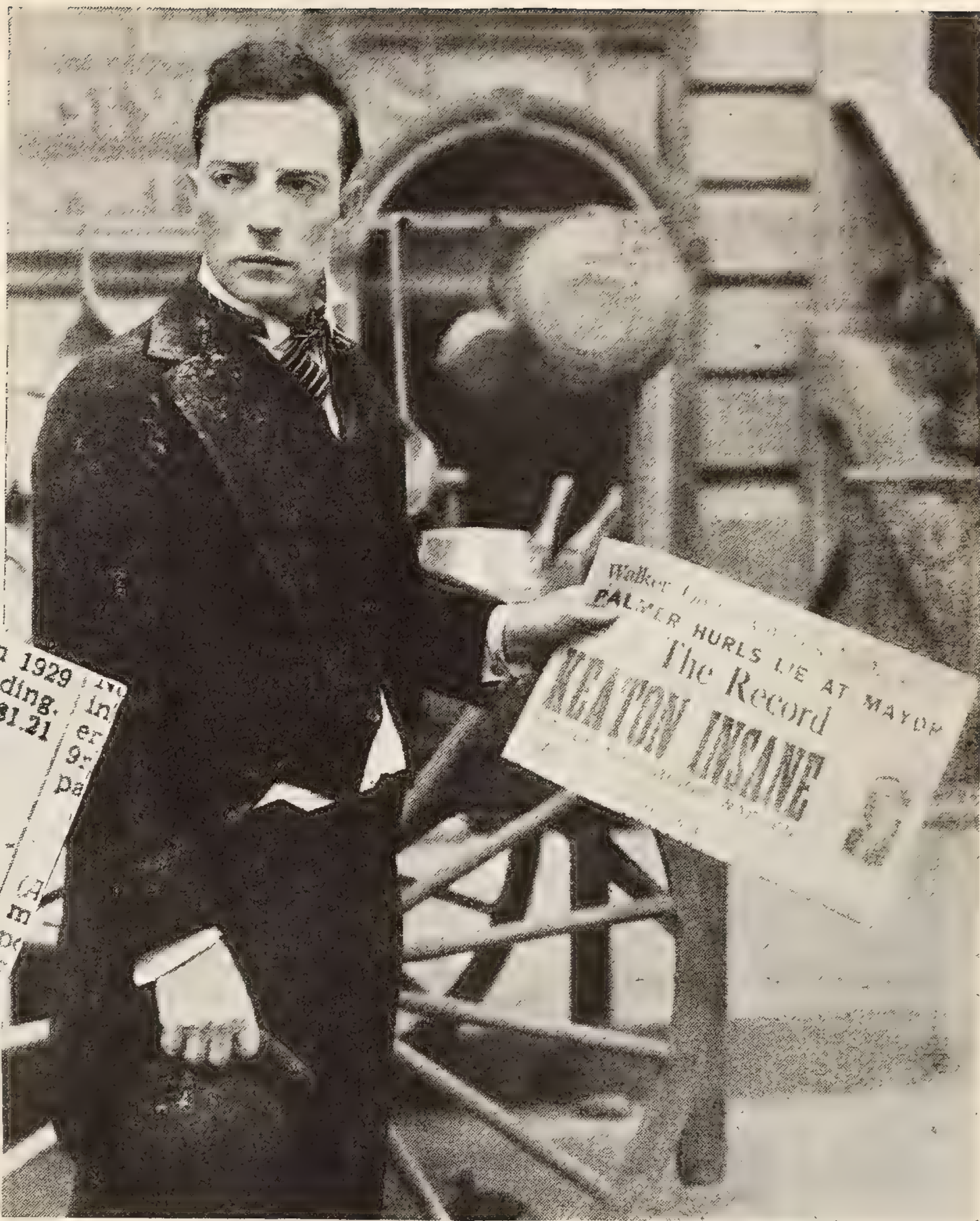
William Haynes' arrest for burglary came as a de-



Clipping from the Hollywood News

are News!

By
James M. Fidler



Buster Keaton holds the newspaper that caused him much embarrassment

The news story that started the big laugh

ACTOR LODGED IN JAIL AGAIN

"Welcome back." This was the greeting Hollywood police officers extended to Robert B. Montgomery, 37, actor, when he was brought to jail early today to be booked on charges of drunkenness and liquor possession. Montgomery was arrested in his apartment at 1825 North Kingsley avenue after he was said to have aroused other actors by throwing bottles against a door. He was arrested on a charge against \$5.02 a share earned in 1929 on 1,625,000 shares then outstanding. Fourth quarter net in 1928 was \$1.21 a share.

cided shock to his friends. No one suspected that he had suffered so severely in the stock market. Friends came to Bill's rescue and convinced the court of his innocence. He was released with a reprimand.

Clara K. Young, actress, was docketed in the Los Angeles police court last November on a charge of shop lifting. She was caught sneaking out of a department store with a valuable fur concealed on her person. Clara's plea was that she needed the fur for motion picture scenes. After taking her story under advisement, the judge sentenced her to prison. She was later paroled under promise of future good behavior.

A few weeks ago Tony Moreno engaged in a six-round boxing contest at the Hollywood fight stadium. Not being as good as his opponent, Tony was knocked out in less than three rounds.

Fortunately, all of the above facts, while they involve famous names, do not actually refer to the stars in person. The truth is that they are other people with names similar to the cognomens of screen celebrities. Most of their stories were confined to Hollywood papers, due to the fact that there is little outside interest in criminals merely because their names happen to be similar to those of film kings and queens.

There are many humorous instances of name mix-ups. When Frank Keaton, in prison and condemned for the murder of a Los Angeles business man, was adjudged insane, the newspapers carried banner lines. Buster Keaton received scores of newspapers from

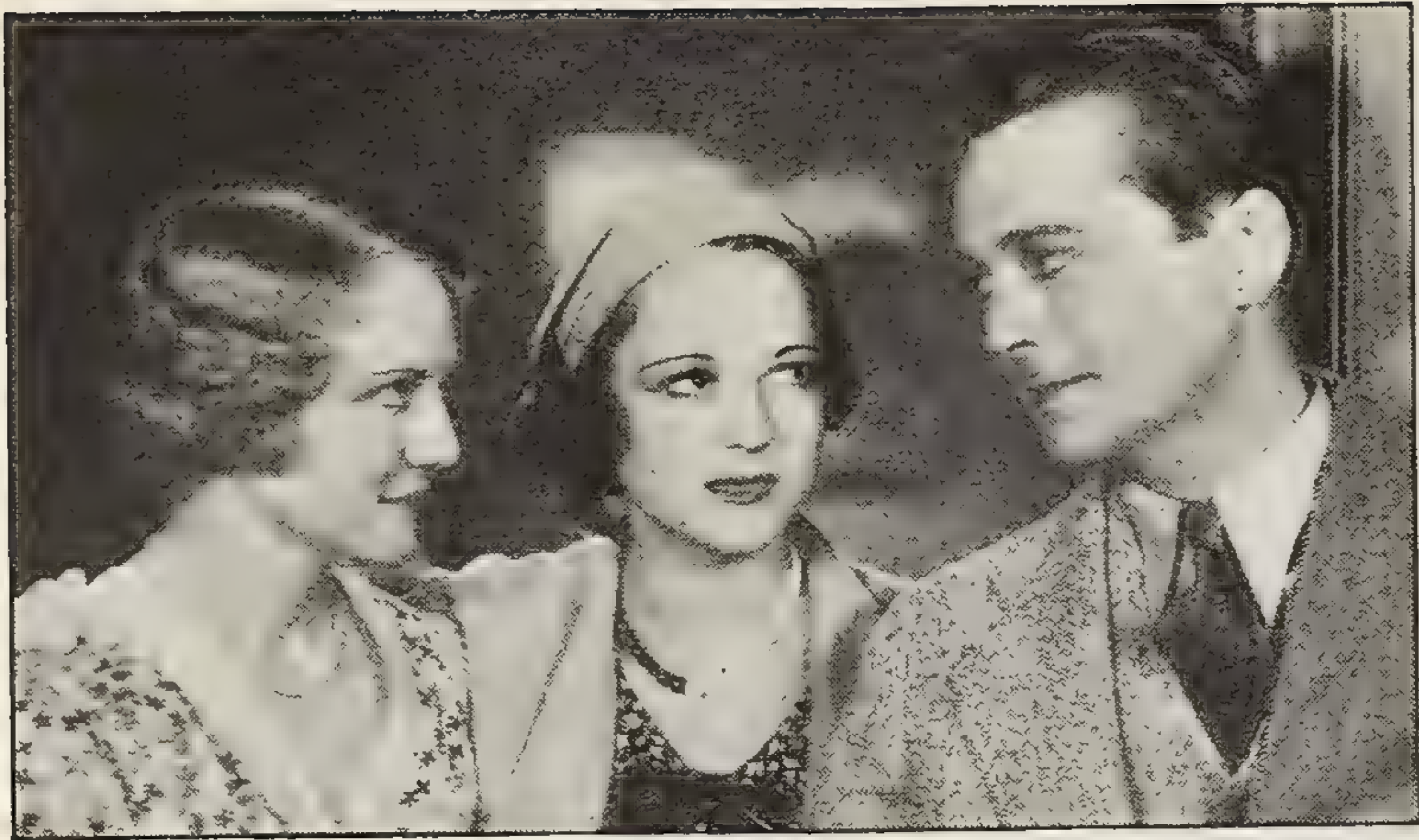
jokesters. Unfortunately, thousands of people outside of Hollywood did not realize that "Buster" is Keaton's real name. Therefore, because the comedian happened to be featured in newspapers about that time with one Kathleen Key, fans throughout the world decided that the insane man was none other than their favorite laugh doctor.

Esther Ralston recently opened a beauty shop in Hollywood. At its inception, she called it "The Ralston Shop". So many letters reached Jobyna Ralston praising her shop that the owner of the place shortly changed its name to "The Esther Shop".

On Hollywood boulevard there is a ladies' dress store bearing the name "The Rita Roy Shop". Tourists confuse this name with that of Rita LaRoy, Radio Pictures actress. Every week she receives scores of letters from people seeking knowledge about gowns sold at her shop, desiring positions or wanting advance information about new fashions.

In the everyday walks of life, numerous amusing similarities may be found. In addition to Robert Armstrong, the screen actor, there is a Robert Armstrong who sells bonds. The John Boles who operates a pressing and cleaning establishment is not the John Boles who sings beautiful love songs in sound pictures.

Charles Chaplin and Charles Farrell are realtors. Neither is interested in a film career. Gary Cooper, according to printed records, is a married man and he pilots a locomotive for the [Continued on page 68]



BAD GIRL

Rating: **SPLENDID**
Fox

Vina Delmar's best seller has been brought to the screen despite its rather daring theme. The picture is filled with a constant stream of wisecracking and quarrelling between a young husband and his wife, all because they are about to become a father and mother. But underneath all the smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers and a newcomer, James Dunn, are the young couple.



SPORTING BLOOD

Rating: **GOOD**
M-G-M

Everything else has been glorified and now the horse must have his day. Of course, it's another race-track yarn, but one so thrilling and so full of heart interest that you will be crazy about it. The story's about a horse and a girl (Madge Evans) who meet up with a crooked gambler and sink to the depths of shame; but both are thoroughbreds and both come through with flying colors. Lew Cody and Clark Gable give good performances.



THE MIRACLE WOMAN

Rating: **SPLENDID**
Columbia

This is a brilliantly directed study of modern evangelism that is bound to cause a lot of discussion. It's a powerful story of regeneration that is full of pathos and human appeal. In this picture Barbara Stanwyck plays the rôle of a young daughter of a clergyman who is killed by hypocrisy. In her resentment she becomes the tool of an unscrupulous show man. But love straightens out everything. David Manners is the boy.

Silver Screen's



SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE

Rating: **SPLENDID**
M-G-M

Another Greta Garbo hit. Another Clark Gable sensation. Garbo runs away on her wedding day, falls for another man and runs away again. Joining a circus, she falls in love—another disappearance; then marriage, then love again. Sounds confusing, doesn't it? But it is all beautifully done in the usual grand Garbo manner. Clark Gable is marvelous. Jean Hersholt, John Miljan and the entire cast are perfect. Garbo-Gable—what a team!



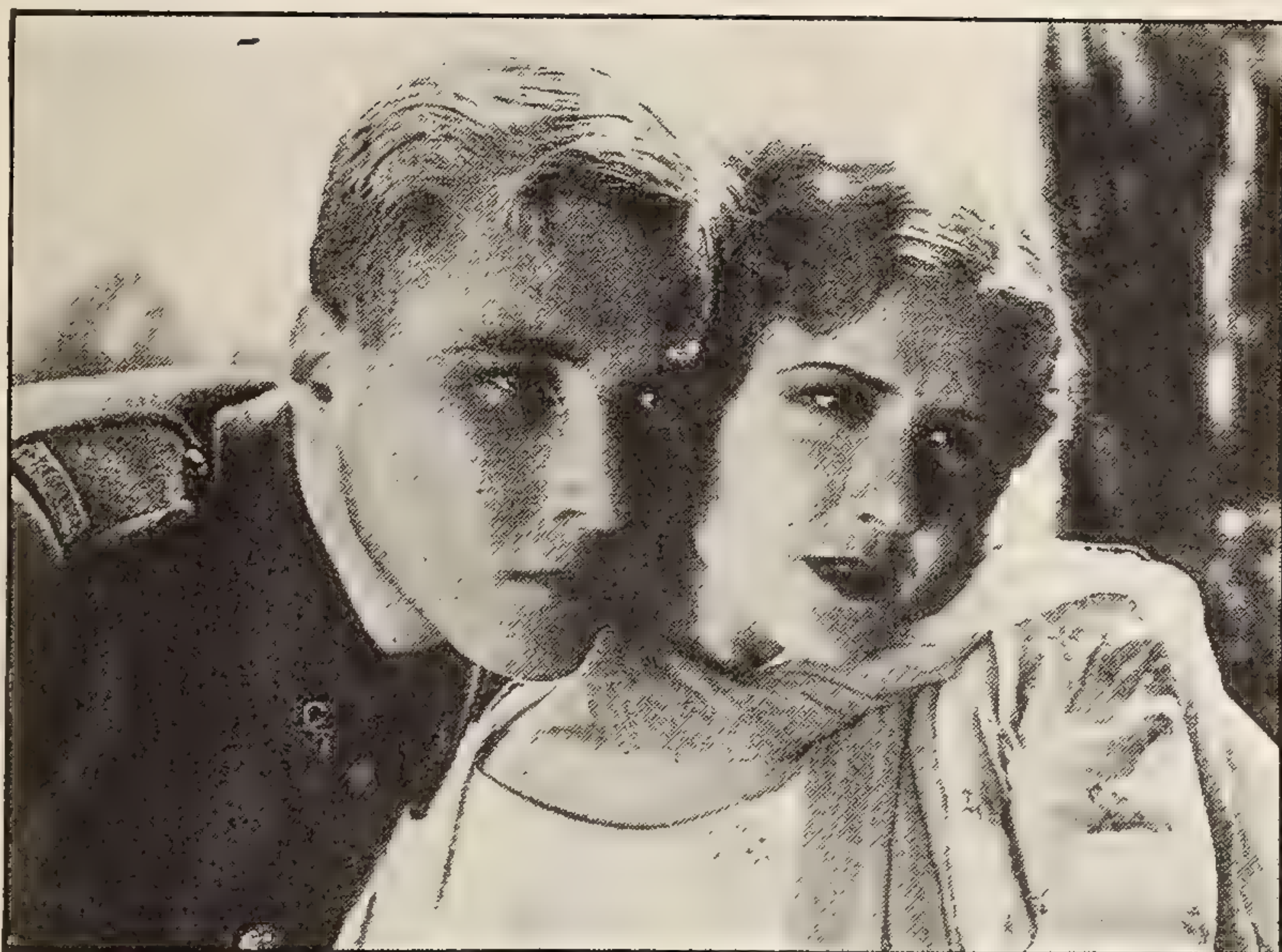
ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Rating: **EXCELLENT**
Warners

George Arliss again gives one of his superb performances, and again reminds you that he is one of the greatest of motion picture stars. The story deals with the life of the great statesman of the nineteenth century. Hamilton is "framed" for political reasons by the supposed wife of one of his henchmen. He reveals all, at the risk of losing everything he holds dear, to protect his country. Doris Kenyon, Dudley Diggs, June Collyer and Montague Love are in the cast.

SILVER SCREEN

Reviewing Stand



WATERLOO BRIDGE

Rating: EXCELLENT

Universal

Here is a fine, beautifully enacted drama of the late war. The story is of an English music hall girl, who, with the war, is going down and down, finally plying "the oldest trade" on Waterloo Bridge. She meets a young, idealistic soldier who doesn't know what she is. He falls desperately in love with her and she hasn't the heart to reveal her past. Finally there is no way out—and then the tragic end. Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass are grand.



BOUGHT

Rating: SPLENDID

Warners

Sophisticated Connie Bennett in her best picture. The story is an ever-important one—the girl who wants lovely things, social position, and all that. But there must be "no shadows on the wall" when she marries. This, however, doesn't work out just as she had planned. Miss Bennett is perfectly grand in this picture with plenty of allure. Ben Lyon is the boy who waits, and Raymond Milland is the social scoundrel. Richard Bennett, Connie's real father, plays her reel father.



THE BRAT

Rating: GOOD

Fox

Sally O'Neill in her come-back picture. Here she plays a little street waif who is shoved into a night court for failing to pay for a meal. Of course, she is taken in by a handsome author and given free reign of his estate. She repays him for his kindness by spreading a Pollyana-like sunshine about the place. The story is rather silly in places, but you will love Sally. Allan Dinehart and Frank Albertson are good in support.



POLITICS

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, having done nobly by the stock market in "Caught Short", now go in for politics. Marie, with Polly as her capable manager, runs for the Mayorship of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and household battles. There's a small riot of laughter as Marie and Polly are at their best. There's a nice little romance running through it with William Bakewell and Karen Morley as the love interest.

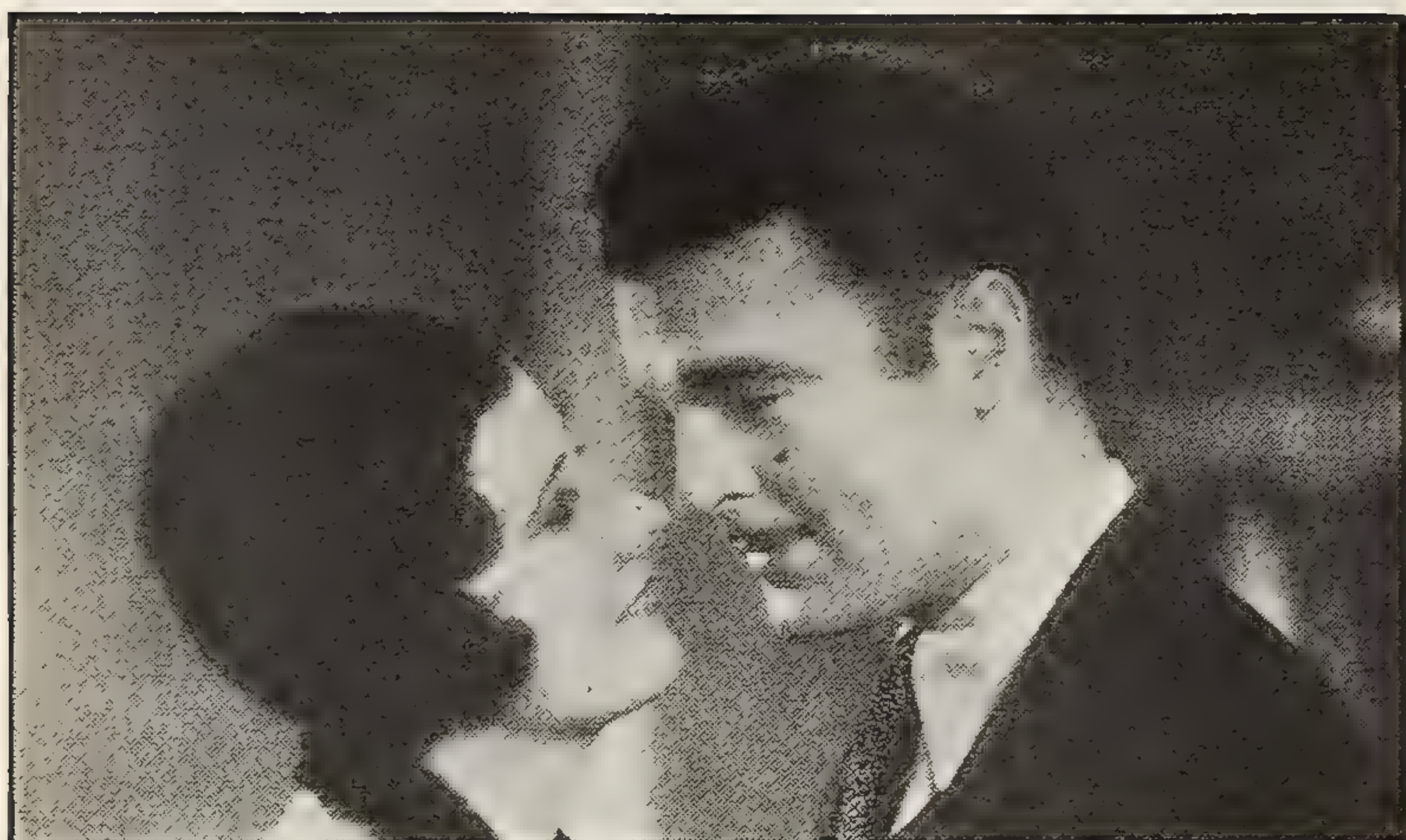


TRANS-ATLANTIC

Rating: GOOD

Fox

This is another crook picture but far better than any you have seen in a long time. Edmund Lowe plays the part of a suave, interesting chap of shady dealings. Earle Foxe heads a gang of tougher gentlemen of the gats who are after a certain banker and his securities on board a big boat bound for Europe. Jean Hersholt, as an ancient lens grinder, is also mixed up in the affair. Lois Moran and Greta Nissen give good performances.

**THE GREAT LOVER**

Rating: GOOD
M-G-M

Adolphe Menjou is in just the right sort of rôle in this picture. He's a gay, adventurous opera singer who falls in love with a pretty American girl who is studying music. To win a place on the opera stage, according to the story, one must first surrender to the delightful Menjou. The girl has a sweetheart and the old battle of career versus love is fought again. Irene Dunne, Baclanova, Ernest Torrence and Neil Hamilton make up the well selected cast.

**FULL OF NOTIONS**

Rating: FAIR
R-K-O

Wheeler and Woolsey as a couple of vaudeville actors out of work manage to get hold of a drug store which they proceed to run in a rather hysterical manner. The villain wants control of the store and gets them in trouble—all of which causes much laughter. In fact it's all quite crazy, but the laughs are there, so what? Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Woolsey have some new wise-cracks, and the cast, including Dorothy Lee and Jason Robards, is okay.

**CAUGHT**

Rating: GOOD
Paramount

Louise Dresser brings that grand character of Calamity Jane, a tough gal of the Wild West, to the screen in magnificent fashion. Louise heads a band of bad bandits, and a noble youth (Richard Arlen) seeks to capture her, not knowing that she is his mother. She saves his life and is last seen riding away, still sought by the law. There is a bit of romance interwoven. Frances Dee is the girl. Louise Dresser gives a splendid performance.

**LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE**

Rating: FAIR
Universal

Those who enjoyed "In Old Arizona" may like a similar yarn. There isn't much to it—just the story of a girl (Dorothy Burgess) who lures all men with the usual complications, some rather well done and others not so hot. Leo Carrillo is a fascinating villain, and Johnny Mack Brown always manages to be a pleasing hero. Slim Summerville almost steals the show with his comedy. A nice picture—if you haven't anything else to do.

**SIDE SHOW**

Rating: GOOD
Warners

In this picture Winnie Lightner has the proper locale of a circus for her rough-house antics. But alas, she turns out to be one of those sappy heroines who gets the right man in the end. Winnie plays a general roustabout, doing everything from the bearded lady to high diver when necessary. She's keeping a kid sister in school, but the lass joins the show and falls for a barker, giving Winnie plenty of heartaches. Evalyn Knapp is the kid sister.

**MURDER BY THE CLOCK**

Rating: GOOD
Paramount

As a mystery thriller this picture is great! The shivers start with the opening scene—an eery graveyard—and from then on murders happen with breath-taking regularity. To reveal the plot would spoil all your fun, so better run see it for yourself. And see it from the beginning so you won't lose any of the thrills. Irving Pichel is grand as a half-wit, and Sally O'Neill and Regis Toomey, Lilyan Tashman and William Boyd have the leading rôles.

REVIEWING STAND



THE SECRET CALL

Rating: FAIR

Paramount

This picture is important only because it introduces Peggy Shannon, Clara Bow's successor, to the screen. The story's about a big politician who has ruined the girl's father; the girl seeks revenge by becoming a telephone operator in the politician's hotel. She holds the key to a mystery with a phone number. Good old melodrama, and really exciting in spots. Richard Arlen is the love interest. Ned Sparks as a hard-boiled reporter gets most of the laughs.



THE GIRL HABIT

Rating: POOR

Paramount

It isn't Charley Ruggles' fault that this comedy isn't particularly funny. Poor Charley is given no support at all. And the plot is as thin as a ham sandwich in an automat. Charley is cast as a rich young man who likes to flirt, and his bride-to-be is trying to cure him. Gangsters and Sing Sing get involved in the idea. In fact, all kinds of goofy things happen but they prove only mildly amusing. Don't blame this on Charley.



THE MAGNIFICENT LIE

Rating: FAIR

Paramount

This picture is Ruth Chatterton and nothing else. If you're a Chatterton fan you will hug it to your heart, if not, you'll probably be bored. There's a weak story and it unwinds at a slow pace with little action. Series of circumstances entwines a wise café singer (Ruth) into impersonating a French actress to appease a blind boy. Of course, she eventually falls in love with the man she is fooling. Ralph Bellamy and Stuart Erwin are splendid.



LULLABY

Rating: POOR

M-G-M

Get out your handkerchiefs, girls, this is a weepie. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—luring a pretty girl away on the pretense of marriage. And to Paris, this time. He disappears, and Lewis Stone is left to look after comely Helen Hayes who has a baby and a lot of disillusion. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother, or something like that. It's all so very sad. When the boy grows up he believes his mother dead. Oooh!



THE WYOMING WONDER

Rating: FAIR

Fox

If you like hard-riding, plenty of action, beautiful scenic shots and the average Western story, then put this one on your preferred list. There is a mystery to intrigue you, and daring leaps with horses to send cold shivers down your back. Galloping George O'Brien is at his dare-devil best in this picture and is well supported by Sally Eilers, Rita LaRoy and James Kirkwood. A safe bet for the kids.



THE ALBANY BRANCH

Rating: GOOD

Educational

Here is a genuine rib-tickling, short comedy, guaranteed to bring out the laughs. Tom Dugan, a sporty salesman from Albany, and his sweetie, Pert Kelton from the five-and-ten, are invited to a swanky social function by his employer. The comedy revolves around the blunders made by the two in the frigid atmosphere of high society. Frank Eastman is the hero. Pert Kelton is highly amusing.

MORE MOVIE

[Continued]



Kay Francis with the tiger to give a little publicity to Mr. MacKenna's rug

HEAVY ROMANCE NOTES— Loretta Young, about-to-be-divorced wife of Grant Withers, is doing the heart-fluttering over Ricardo Cortez, 'tis heard about the gossip centers.

Ricardo, you probably remember, is the widower of the late Alma Rubens.

DONALD COOK, new Warner Brothers leading man, has been paying constant attention to Evalyn Knapp, pretty player whose back was severely injured in a fall from a cliff.

We hear it is wedding bells for them when she has completely recovered.

APPARENTLY the heavy love affair between Howard Hughes and Billie Dove has cooled.

Howard is paying a great deal of attention to Lillian Bond, pretty player who is said to have spoiled a Warner Brothers picture to the extent of \$75,000. At least, the picture is to be re-made and Lillian will not be in the cast.

GENE MARKEY, who used to be in love with Ina Claire, has been taking Lois Moran around a lot. Gene is rated as Hollywood's most fascinating bachelor.

John Dilloway and Dorothy Jordan are our newest sweeties.

HOLLYWOOD is all excited over the pearl-shaped diamond ring Ernst Lubitsch placed on Ona Munson's engagement finger.

It is quite a dashing stone—and exceedingly expensive. Anyway, Ona—Eddie Buzzell's ex—just blushes prettily when Ernst is mentioned.

MERVYN LEROY, young director, separated from his wife, Edna Murphy, is paying considerable attention to Ginger Rogers, hey-hey girl who is playing leading lady to Eddie Quillan in his new picture.



Director Sidney Franklin, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt during the filming of the great Theatre Guild play "The Guardsman"

Funny thing, but Joan Peers is also in the comedy and Phillips Holmes, who used to be quite daffy about Ginger, is now calling on Joan at the studio.

THE Jail House Blues.

Lloyd Hamilton shivered when he thought of the local hoosegow. In fact, the comic almost laughed out of the other side of his mouth.

It seems that Lloyd is \$15,000 behind in his alimony and ex-wifey was in a nasty mood—so much so that she promised him a nice long period in jail if he didn't pay.

The jail doors came nearer slamming on Lloyd than he cares to think about.

The heavy romance between Lew Ayres and Lola Lane is as cold as a villain's heart.

Hollywood doesn't seem to care very much, though.

Joan Bennett likes Lew quite a bit, we hear.

SOME old meanie got Sally O'Neil in bad again. It seems there was an auto accident in which a young woman was involved. Accused of being a hit-and-run driver, the pretty young thing gave the name of Sally O'Neil and disappeared.

Cops were looking for Sally, who really didn't know anything about the accident, for two days. She finally proved an alibi,

but that kind of publicity doesn't do anybody any good. Sally's quite mad about the whole thing.

CLARA BOW came back to the Land of Nod (yesman's heaven) for some dental work. The "It" girl didn't like the idea, but it was absolutely necessary.

She's gone back to Rex Bell's ranch for a long stay and to finish her life story.

Loretta Young finally filed suit for divorce from Grant Withers. She waited months after their separation, hoping there might be a reconciliation.

Doris Warner, pretty daughter of H. M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers, is getting that way about David Manners, handsome leading man in papa's pictures.

THE eight-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery was critically ill for several days, and Bob, devoted father that he is, remained at the bedside, refusing even to think about studio work.

WALTER DISNEY, creator of that happy rodent of the screen, Mickey Mouse, lost his voice and was rushed to the Hollywood hospital for an emergency operation.

Walt's doing nicely and Mickey is quite happy again.

TOWN TOPICS

from page 15]



Helen Hayes, Marie Prevost and Neil Hamilton made "Lullaby" but when it was shown Miss Hayes did not like it and so now it is being made over. We hope this charming scene is in the re-take

THE quiet and partially secret wedding of William Powell and Carole Lombard annoyed the local newspaper men considerably—in fact, the lads of the Fourth Estate are mad.

Bill and Carole tried to hide out and were successful, displaying their disdain for any publicity. It will be just too bad for these two when they want anything from the papers in the future.

ANOTHER of Hollywood's perfect marriage ships went on the rocks when Dorothy Lee, pretty star, separated from James Fidler, press agent and magazine writer.

Dot and Jim had a whirlwind courtship two years ago when the latter was handling publicity for the former. Their marriage was "one of those sweet things" that would last—but not forever, apparently.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S brother, Albert, had his nose re-built so he could work in pictures, but the jobs were never forthcoming, so Al just forgot to pay the doctor.

Doc got a little mad and sued. Collected \$200 when Al was given the undesirable publicity.

THE late Mabel Normand's home in Beverly Hills was auctioned off for \$24,000—much below its actual value.

All of Mabel's personal knick-knacks and

large collection of antiques went under the hammer. Lew Cody, the widower, failed to show up at the auction. Sight-seers and tourists purchased the treasures greedily.

Despite the current rumors around Hollywood that Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, now suing the famous director for divorce, would marry Hans Kraly, former writer for her hubby, she says "nothing doing."

Mrs. Lubitsch likes freedom best, she claims, and will never marry again.

JOSEPHINE DUNN, former featured player, has to go to work again.

Josie quit pictures upon marrying Clyde Greathouse, but marriage didn't take. She got a divorce and \$75 per month alimony, which, as you know, isn't enough to keep the pretty player in silk stockings.

THE vivacious Conchita Montenegro has made a bargain with Warner Baxter whom she is appearing opposite in "The Cisco Kid". In return for corrections on her English she is helping Baxter brush up on his Spanish accent. As a Spanish brush-upper I know of none better than Conchita.

"DELICIOUS." Um-um. Maple-nut sundae with whipped cream? No—better! It's the next Janet Gaynor-



Anita Page with one of those doggie cocktails

Charlie Farrell co-starring picture, and it sounds good to me. George and Ira Gershwin wrote the music. Lines form on the right for two blocks down, please.

WELL, it all depends on the point of view. When Mr. Rudolph Seiber (Mr. Marlene Dietrich) arrived in New York recently from Berlin he went into ecstasies over his wife's "eierkuchen" (something you do with eggs and flour). "She is a beautiful cook," he said in a sacred culinary voice that would make a dyspeptic hungry. "She is the greatest cook I ever saw. She is a fine—how do you say—housewife!" So that's what you are, Marlene. And here we thought you were a mysterious, exotic, languid siren, the very quintessence of romance. Earl Sparling of the World-Telegram suggests that Marlene "Legs" Dietrich be changed to Marlene "Eggs" Dietrich. There's nothing like a member of the family to scatter romantic illusions.

GRETA GARBO walked out on the "Susan Lenox" set exactly six times. And "Susan Lenox" is exactly six times a better picture than it would have been.

Barbara Stanwyck says she's through with pictures—and Columbia who has the Stanwyck name on a contract says she isn't. Only time will tell.

CHANGING Thelma Todd's name to Alison Lloyd, due to Roland West's belief in numerology has developed a new kind of war. Hal Roach says he will still call her Thelma on his title credits in spite of West's billing in "Corsair." The fans know her and like her as Thelma Todd. Hasn't that anything to do with it?

CLARA BOW, Fay Wray, Mary Brian, June Collyer, Jean Arthur, Fifi Dorsay and June MacCloy have all been released from contracts. This depression is certainly getting annoying. I liked all those gals, didn't you?

[More Movietown Topics on page 60]

Dressed in Dignity and Not Much Else

*Fans Demand to Know What We Are
Coming to, and Stripped of Persiflage, We
May Say Frankly, We Are Coming to
Jean Harlow*

JEAN HARLOW discovered about bodies. It seems that other people had bodies but there must have been something wrong with them for they kept hiding them and wearing clothes, until it seemed as if those girls at the Follies were the only ones that were built that way.

But Jean changed all that. And this revolutionary, fresh and enthralling viewpoint was just as natural to Jean as to a baby. Jean had been in Mack Sennett's bathing pool and had cavorted about for more than one picture and what good did that do? It did this much. It enabled Jean to think things over and when her chance came Jean let 'em have it, right in the eyes.

"Platinum" Jean! The name went round the lots by the grapevine telegraph of Hollywood, and even set the fan magazines a-flutter. Who was she? Imagine a girl having white hair! After they got through imagining a girl with white hair, the picture "Hell's Angels" came along and they didn't have to imagine any more.

Nothing was left to the imagination.

And was she an explosion? She made front pages, and fronts of theatres. And here's [Continued on page 66]

Do You Think These Letters Are Fair?

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Editor: It is generally conceded that Norma Shearer is one of the most beautiful and talented actresses on the screen With such valuable assets as ability, beauty and popularity why must she resort to the cheap trick of a vulgar gown such as she wore in "A Free Soul"? Why not leave the obvious and vulgar tactics to her less fortunate sisters who have only physical charms with which to attract success.

Irene R. McAfee

Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor: Will some kind soul tell Norma Shearer that her dinner gown in "The Free Soul" was simply revolting; that she is stealing Jean Harlow's thunder. Jean was the first to think about attracting the public by the clever trick of wearing daringly cut clothes, so let her have the honor of wearing nothing and looking well in it.

Laura Carter

Jean Harlow, the girl who put
"Platinum" into the movies



NORMA
SHEARER

IN "A Free Soul" Norma sought to create a character unconventional and independent. To this end she summoned the great couturier Adrian and instructed him to make such a gown for her which would in the latest fashion express Jan Ashe. This is intelligent and sympathetic use of the skilled assistance that a lavish studio provides for the creation of an artistic triumph



DYER

RICHARD
ARLEN

HE WAS born one of the Van Mattimores of Virginia, but as an Arlen of Hollywood he receives a fan mail that testifies to his tremendous following. Dick was a member of the Royal Flying Corps in wartimes but now he is the skipper of a 52-foot sloop which he pilots as skillfully as he does his own matrimonial craft "The Jobyna"



HELEN
TWELVETREES

IT'S ALL because of a yacht-
ing sequence in her latest
starring production "The Mad
Marriage" that Helen has
gone nautical, you nautical
girl you! These Brooklyn girls!
When Miss Jergen married
Mr. Twelvetrees, she recog-
nized that it was a good idea
but that a slight error had
been made; so then she mar-
ried Mr. Woody and now
all is oak



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



GRETA GARBO

THE little hat of "Romance" has turned the heads of all the girls into "Empress Eugenie's". Garbo did it. Look at the portrait above and admire the new hair style. It's the latest and will undoubtedly go over with a bang as did the Garbo bob—with bangs, in fact



Have you tried Camels?

THE steady increase in the sales of Camel cigarettes proves one fact beyond a doubt.

If you try Camels, the odds are very much against your ever going back to your old brand.

So great is the contrast between the delights of perfectly conditioned Camels fresh from the protection of the new Humidor Pack and the harsh, hot smoke from stale dried-out cigarettes, that your decision will be immediate.

The quality is there in the first place, for Camels are a blend of choice Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos.

In factory-prime condition, with their rare flavor and their natural moisture still intact, they are a joy to the smoker.

Now this flavor is air-sealed-in by an outer wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane, so that no matter where you buy Camels, in any land, in any climate, you are always certain to get fresh cigarettes in factory-prime condition.

And there are other advantages as well. For the Humidor Pack also protects the cigarettes within from dust and germs and weather conditions.

Start the day on Camels. See how much milder they are, how much more flavorful they are, how cool they are to the throat.

No peppery dust to irritate delicate membrane. No harsh, hot smoke from dried-out tobacco to burn the tongue or sear the throat.

Switch to Camels for a day, then leave them — if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons
Columbia Broadcasting System — every night except Sunday

CAMELS

Mild . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



DOROTHY MACKAILL

DOROTHY is wearing a pale blue satin negligee with a fitted bodice and cowl neckline. It is fastened by a rhinestone buckle at the side. Dorothy's in Honolulu on vacation. This question of which man to marry is keeping her slim and lovely with worrying



Crazy to Get Married

IT SEEMS that Dorothy Mackaill is contemplating marriage.

Even as these lines are written she may be standing before the altar in Honolulu, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tia Juana, Agua Caliente or wherever else she may happen to be.

You've probably heard something about it. If you haven't you simply don't follow the news columns in the papers. It is confusing, of course, but at the same

time it unquestionably proves that romance is not dead.

But to delve deeply into the matter, I was first surprised to learn that Miss Mackaill was to wed a handsome young actor in a current picture at the First National studio. Then it was off. Just as I was well over the shock she was reported engaged to another actor playing with her in "The Reckless Hour". This, I thought, must be the real thing. Not a flash in the pan like the first romance.

Then the Mackaill went to Honolulu. Press dispatches announced that she had found a new young man who pleased her and would wed him in Honolulu. The actor left behind in Hollywood was as puzzled and confused as you must be if you've read this far. But the new young man of Honolulu found himself waiting at the church while our Dorothy sat serenely on the sun deck of a steamship bound for Hollywood.

She blithely reported at the studio and was informed that her next picture would not go into production for several months. So she booked passage to Honolulu again and before sailing she announced her engagement to still another film actor. He remained in Hollywood.

That's the way the matter stands. I think I've done

Dorothy Mackaill
Can't Take a Joke,
Especially a Husband

By

Brian Kingsley

pretty well in straightening it out for you. It's contradictory, but that's like Dorothy Mackaill. The young lady experimented with marriage some years ago as you probably remember. "It was a rainy day and I was terribly lonesome," she explains. The marriage was a failure. Since then she has declared that she will never, never try it again. Well, hardly ever.

But with all of this going on Dorothy is quite calm and col-

lected. Perhaps I should say diverted and serene. It was only a short time ago that this reporter found her going over some notes concerning ancient marital superstitions. You can see that the study of marriage must interest her. I asked her what she was reading.

"Some very interesting facts on married life and its problems," she said. "Have a cigarette?"

"Not while I'm smoking my pipe," I said.

"That's why I mentioned the cigarette," Miss Mackaill said with her usual delightful tact. "However, here are the facts. Listen to them and like them. Did you know that the brides of years and years ago—it doesn't say here how long—were the target for not only rice, but corn, figs, dates, nuts, coins and wheat? Also flowers. Do you know why they threw flowers?"

"No, dear, why did they throw flowers?"

"Miss Mackaill to you. They threw flowers because—Did you know—"

"Come on," I interrupted, "why did they throw flowers? Don't try to back out now. You started this."

"Did you ever hear of the quaint custom of throwing interviewers?"

"Goodbye nice to have seen [Continued on page 66]



Desperate Sherwood Bailey Jr. puts 'em on the spot because someone put the spots on him

THERE are ways to get in pictures, and there are ways to get in pictures. Adrienne Ames, wife of a millionaire broker, was precipitated into a screen career without even the bother of lifting her finger, or her skirts. She owes her present Paramount contract to Ruth Harriet Louise, ace camera portraitist. Pretty Adrienne went to Ruth Harriet to have some pictures made. The camera caught her beauty so strikingly that Ruth Harriet sent the studies over to Paramount, and Paramount wisely decided that such beauty would be an asset and immediately signed the amazed and gratified Miss Ames on the strength of her pictures—completely *sans* screen test and voice test. Now you can well imagine how popular the studio of one Ruth Harriet Louise has become. You'll see Adrienne first in "Road to Reno" and then in "Dover Road" (are we to have a series of route pictures now?) and decide for yourself what you think of Adrienne's beauty.

AND now it's Theda Bara who wants to stage a come-back in cinemaland. Theda has just returned to Hollywood from a road tour with a stock company in the Middle West and is ready to talk business with the producers. Even in the old days when Theda was lolling around on tiger skins and knocking the male population of America unconscious as the world's deadliest vamp, she was not more seductive looking than she is now. Theda still has plenty of what it takes—and here's hoping the powers-that-be give her a chance to show it.

VARIETY explains the ivy poisoning of twenty-three girls on a party set where they were making "The New Wallingford"—Jimmy Durante is in the picture.

WHEN Gary Cooper landed in New York recently after a summer vacation in Europe he was met at the boat—but not by Lupe. Maybe Whoopce Lupe has a mad on.

More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 49]

SALLY O'NEIL, who has a nice new contract with Fox after her work in "The Brat", was lunching in the Japanese Garden of the Ritz in New York recently. With her was her little niece Pat O'Neil who is "the spittin' image" of Molly O'Day (as we first families of the South would say). "I'll take a peanut butter sandwich," said Sally to Monsieur the waiter who immediately lifted his elegant eyebrows, "—for the child," Sally hastily added. "We have no peanut butter," replied Monsieur, with a shudder, as if the very mention of the word in the Ritzian atmosphere, might contaminate him. But Pat was adamant. It was peanut butter or nothing. But after a long discussion during which Monsieur looked most pained, a compromise in the Pat versus Ritz controversy was arranged. Pat settled for a strawberry jam sandwich, and a movie.

FOR a time it seemed that Virginia Valli was going to be content just to be Mrs. Charlie Farrell. But now she is all ready to start work in "Night Life in Reno". Sorry, girls, but there's nothing prophetic in this. Virginia and Charlie are still most happily married.

THERE are rumors that Sylvia Sidney was seen going places in Hollywood with Junior Laemmle. But when questioned about her Hollywood companion



Ruth Etting having put the Follies in their place (at the top) now undertakes some two reelers



Red-headed, freckle-faced Ray Cooke is the Torchy for Educational's popular new series

in New York she merely smiled and remarked that it was a beautiful day. Well, you know how those things are.

MARK HELLINGER tells a good one. It seems that a little over a year ago Leslie Howard was authoring and directing a play on Broadway and was muchly in need of a young man to play the love interest. A young man called at the theatre and asked for a job and the producer sent him in to talk to Howard. Howard gave him a try-out and then reported to the producer that the young man he had picked up was utterly impossible in the rôle of the hero whom women adored. He just wasn't the type. So, said young man was fired. Now it so happened that Leslie Howard and the said young man (oh, I won't keep you in suspense any longer—It's Clark Gable, none other!) met in Hollywood, and what's more they were put in the same picture together—"A Free Soul". And talk about your love interest! Why Leslie Howard had to kill Clark Gable before he could get Norma! Well, we all make mistakes.

WITH the fan letters complimenting Charles "Buddy" Rogers on his performance in "The Lawyer's Secret" probably Paramount will renew his contract, when it expires, Oct. 1st. But maybe "Buddy" won't be interested, and it is all because of his musical genius. It is said that the big radio folks, NBC, want him to lead his own orchestra and they believe there is a great future for him as a radio band leader, playing at hotels the way Rudy Vallee did.

So Buddy will not have to worry about anything, as \$3500 has been mentioned as his weekly salary under the new plan.

Which way do you prefer your Buddy, via air or in the pictures? There is one thing about it, if he should take the radio job it will be very easy to visualize him when your hear his voice announcing his tunes, or singing, and that's more than you can do with any other band leader.

"I don't mind your knowing it...
I am 37"
SAYS MARJORIE RAMBEAU

*Famous Screen Star
declares years need not
rob you of Youth...*

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the freshness of youth can be charming at most any age. Stage and screen stars *must* keep their youthful charm.

"Above everything else they guard complexion beauty. They know that a lovely skin is always appealing. I've discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap does wonders for my skin. I've used it for years."

* * *

Marjorie Rambeau's complexion secret is shared by countless other beautiful stars of the stage and screen!

In Hollywood of the 613 leading actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use this fragrant white soap. It is official in all the film studios.

Your skin should have this gentle, luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.



MARJORIE RAMBEAU. A recent photograph of this lovely stage favorite, who has become a popular screen star. She is appearing currently in *The Secret Six*.

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

Beauty in Bottles

[Continued from page 6]

comfortably in our familiar surroundings we look anxiously into the mirror to see what the sun and wind and picnic food have done to our faces. Mercy!

Well, cheer up, nothing is hopeless in this day of science. That awful brown skin can be changed to milky whiteness or a satiny cream. Those tiny sun-baked wrinkles about the eyes can be routed.

And those pores! Poor dears! They are as open as if they had been gasping for breath all summer. Maybe they have.

At any rate, there's a great deal to be done to your face and body before you will look like the sleek, silky, ladylike you who should smile back at you from the mirror. But first make up your mind to this:

Hit and miss measures won't do! They waste your time, your money and your courage. A little burst of interest, one or two half-hearted passes with potions that promise overnight miracles—these are worse than nothing. However, much joy and rich rewards await the determined woman who persists.

To get real results you should map out a program of what you need, organize yourself to live up to it and be as efficient about it as your strength of character will allow. For it does take character to see things through.

I must stop here and tell you a little story about Betty Compson whose soft, blonde beauty is the misleading surface of a remarkably strong character and a well-organized mind. I once had occasion to comment upon her thoroughness. She surprised me by saying, "I am not naturally thorough. I have a real battle with myself to see things through. I am always tempted to let things slide after a brave start."

(These movie stars are just like the rest of us, I thought.)

"But," she went on, "I realized that this was perhaps my greatest weakness and I determined to conquer it. I schooled myself to finish everything I start—even little things. I leave nothing unfinished. I have driven myself to complete everything I undertake. But, as I am naturally lazy, I arrange ways and means to make things easy for myself. I make it easy and convenient to do the things I should do."

THIS is the decision of a beautiful and successful woman.

Men talk a great deal about the efficiency of their offices, but in every modern office you will find devices that make efficiency easy by convenience.

How easy it is to say, "Never leave make-up on overnight. It clogs the pores and will ruin the loveliest complexion. Keep your skin clean—clean—clean!" We all know this is true and all of us mean to put on a dab of cleansing cream, if nothing else, before retiring—but . . . Well, if you have to tip-toe out in the hall to get a clean towel, and collect your beauty tools from the bathroom and other places before you do it, you simply slide into bed and say to yourself, "This one night won't make much difference. I'll make it up in extra care tomorrow." But you don't.

Then when finally your skin looks much less lovely than your friend's you think you are especially abused by fate. And you say, "Why is it so hard for me to keep my skin nice? The other girls look pretty without so much effort. (Do they?) I think just as much about my complexion as they do."

Yes, my dear, you do think about it, but thinking and acting are two different things. Your thoughts would be translated into action more often if you had everything conveniently arranged to carry them out at the moment. Your dressing table is the answer.

THE day is past when women feel they must hide their beauty aids. Today, in beautiful, artistic jars and bottles they ornament milady's dressing table. There is no need for chucking them out of sight and therefore out of mind. Today we are proud of being intelligent enough to care for ourselves.

The use of creams is no longer considered an artifice but a sensible precaution. So spread your bottles and jars proudly on TOP of your dressing table where they will come most conveniently to your hand. The more, the merrier!

The convenient dressing table will first of all have a glass top and a good strong light. On it will be, at least, these items—a jar of cleansing cream, a jar of skin-food, a bottle of skin-tonic, astringent for older faces, a bottle of eye-lotion with an eye-cup, a bottle of hand-lotion, a jar for cotton, a jar for powder, a bowl for ice, a nail file and orange stick, a tiny brush to train

the eye-brows in the way they should go, a small pair of scissors (good ones), a hair-brush and a comb. This is the minimum of things to be kept on top. You, of course, will add, if needed, pore cream, bleach cream, etc.

Their gay labels will reproach you sufficiently to call you back if you try to pass them by. But if you put them out of sight you won't use them enough!

Keep your make-up things wherever you want to. You'd use them regularly if you kept them in the cellar!

I always buy my creams and lotions in large quantities for it saves money in the end. Then, for traveling, I have tiny jars that I fill from the large ones. Where there are several in the family this buying in bulk is especially satisfactory. One family I know buys skin-tonic by the half-gallon. This method makes even the most expensive preparations moderately priced in comparison of quantity.

Be sure your cleansing cream is a good one—a light one that melts quickly—for most of us are pressed for time and patience. Have absorbent cotton pads or balls all ready to use with your skin-tonic or astringent. You know as well as I do that if you have to go looking for the cotton you'll eliminate that part of the treatment.

The most convenient tissues for wiping off surplus cream come on a roll where they can't stick together, fold up or elude your hand. And do have a waste basket to catch them along with combings and bits of things that clutter up your dressing table. You can get a very attractive waste-basket for ten cents, proving once more that convenience isn't so much a matter of money as it is of thinking.

IF TIME means so much to you that you cannot devote an hour to your beauty treatment, then see that you get it while you do other things. When you get up in the morning cleanse your face first, then dab on some good skin food and leave it while you brush your teeth, take your bath, put on your shoes and stockings and underwear—then wipe off the surplus, dash on some skin-tonic and you are ready for your rouge and powder. You can use bleaches that way if you don't want to leave them on overnight.

WHILE using a bleach always protect your face with a heavy make-up before subjecting the new, tender and perhaps slightly irritated skin to the sun and wind.

And never forget that ice is one of the best firmers and clearers in the world. Do keep a little bowl on your dressing table for ice. It will remind you to get it and use it!

Convenience is Beauty's best friend. I will guarantee you this—that if you will arrange your dressing table more conveniently you will grow more beautiful for you will care for yourself more regularly.

Write me your individual problems. I am happy to help you solve them.

Next Month—The Three Most Active Enemies of Beauty.



Oh, girls, look who's here! Nancy's new husband, Bolton Mallory, and isn't he just grand! Nancy's in Hollywood now making "Mary Makes a Call". Bolton's in New York making long distance calls

Lupe Velez,
screen star, says:

Enrich your beauty with *really*^{*}natural* rouge"

You can have color
which seems your own
... but do you? Not
mere faint tints, mind
you, but colors as deep
and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of *you*, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented. Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

How Color Comes to Life. Any harsh, flat, color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*. This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually

to come from within. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

Almond Base for the Skin. And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat rouge is made with its *own exclusive base* of precious almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all seven shades.

get this Week End Set —SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. 155-A. Enclosed find 25c for which
send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....



*
PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U.S.A., (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO)

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as the outside. Is truly indelible. You'll love it!



Their Million Dollar Defects

[Continued from page 23]

camera picks up lights in it better. The result is a more lustrous, velvety sheen than possible with straight black or brown hair. Besides, the gray hair is my own. It belongs to me."

Billie is right. Everywhere she goes, people are attracted by her striking appearance. Not because she is so lovely of figure and face, for there are many equally well formed, but because she has taken what might be a terrific flaw in her appearance, and let it magnify her natural attractiveness.

Would you let your hair stay gray? Would you be smart enough to do what Billie has done?

Nancy Carroll's cherubic face almost kept her out of the movies. In fact, it did prevent her getting a job in films for at least a year after she had scored a sensational success in a Los Angeles stage play, "Chicago." Then Anne Nichols came along and chose her as the perfect Rosie. Look at Nancy today. Her face is her fortune. It is different.

And did you ever notice Joan Crawford's mouth? It is the largest I have ever seen. It is positively cavernous. Yet to Joan Crawford fans it is beautiful. As a matter of fact, it actually is. It gives character to her face and points those deep, poignant eyes which have shone to such effect in heavy emotional rôles.

Also, did anyone ever tell you that Joan wears size 38? Her shoulders are extremely broad, but in line with her hips, the effect is an even line and a boyish figure, which looks extremely well in smart modern clothes.

Jean Harlow and Constance Bennett have extremely small noses and wrinkled foreheads. The first gives them that petulant air, the second makes for sophistication—"the lifted eyebrow!"

Someone remarked once facetiously of Marie Dressler, that she rode to fame on a hay scale. That is unfair, of course, because Marie is a great dramatic actress.

Undoubtedly, however, her extra avoirdupois hasn't hurt her one bit in picture rôles. On the contrary, it has been a defect to be capitalized. Her weight makes

her more human, more real and likeable.

Mary Pickford has gone on these years and years playing childish rôles because, well why? She has a childish figure. She has never really grown up in person, and she always looks like a little girl.

Ann Harding, considered artistically, has not a perfect feature, but she has wistfulness and appeal. Her case is a grand example of two and two making four. When she smiles, she is positively irresistible.

Marlene Dietrich may have perfect legs, but did you ever notice the hollows in her cheeks? Perhaps not, but think now? Do they not give her a haunting, lovely sophistication?

Greta Garbo is unusually tall. Yet her height enables her to wear clothes as few women on the screen. It enhances her willowy, seductive quality.

Poor Polly Moran had to get false teeth not long ago. She was very proud of them. They were so straight and regular, and Polly thought she looked so much better. When the studio executives saw her, they almost died. Polly didn't look funny anymore. She had to go back to her dentist and get him to make a funny, rabbit set for use on the sets.

Bebe Daniels used to worry about her nose. She broke it a couple of times, and on each occasion she asked the doctor to tinker with it, but it has always remained characteristically Bebe Daniels. I think it gives her an oriental look.

Clara Bow's flapper face—not a classical line to it, for a long time represented all that was most attractive to youthful Miss Americas. They copied her flamboyant makeup, her eye-rolling mannerisms, and her pouty mouth.

Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez are both endowed with high cheek bones. Neither one of them really typify, as they are popularly supposed to, the slumberous beauties of old Spain or Mexico. Yet the odd unusual look with which they are both blessed, has fitted them for exotic rôles in which the ordinary dark-eyed Mexican beauty would be completely lost.

When it comes to really exotic types of the screen, consider Jetta Goudal. La

Goudal is really—sh-sh!—very homely. Her figure is not good, her eyes are slanted. Watch her, delicately made up, beautifully gowned, sweep magnificently across the screen, and you think what a strange and fascinating woman!

The best dressed woman, the one individual in Hollywood, who, year in and year out, can be counted on to cause a sensation when she enters a room, is Lilyan Tashman. Tashman, analyzed, has hardly a regular feature. By doing unusual things with her clothes, and makeup, by marvelous poise and a certain commanding vivacity, she has made herself unique.

Winifred Westover Hart was chosen for the prize rôle of "Lummox" because she said she could take on I forgot how many pounds, something like sixty, in a less number of days. Who is there among us girls who would admit to a capacity for gaining sixty pounds?

Helen Chandler always sounds as if she were going to weep when she speaks. To borrow a phrase from Robert Benchley, "Sob-in-the-voice" Chandler has gotten many a poignant rôle because of her tearful tones.

Straight boyish legs won Betty Bronson the title rôle of "Peter Pan", and brought forth the remark from Sir James M. Barrie that she was the ideal elfin type.

Bee-stung lips kept Mae Murray a favorite for years and years. And as you are now seeing the Princess M'dvani again, notice them. They're really nice.

One could go on and on. Even take up the men. Remember Owen Moore's crooked smile and Victor McLaglen's cauliflower ears? Although, of course, as far as men are concerned, the Adonis type is long passé, and you really have to flourish a couple or three defects to get any attention at all.

How about it? Why not take a long searching look into your own mirror? Maybe that long lamented snub nose or those deep set eyes of yours are worth cultivating, pointing up.

If they're worth money in the movies, they ought to be valuable to you. Polish up your million dollar flaws.



Here's Frances Dee, Judith Wood and Adrienne Ames. Hold it!

How to Make Up

...Your Complexion...Your Eyes...Your Lips

...to Emphasize Each Feature of Beauty

Like the Screen Stars Do

*Hollywood's Make-Up
Genius...Max Factor...
explains how you may
actually double your
beauty with a new kind
of make-up*

AS TOLD TO
FLORENCE VONDELLE

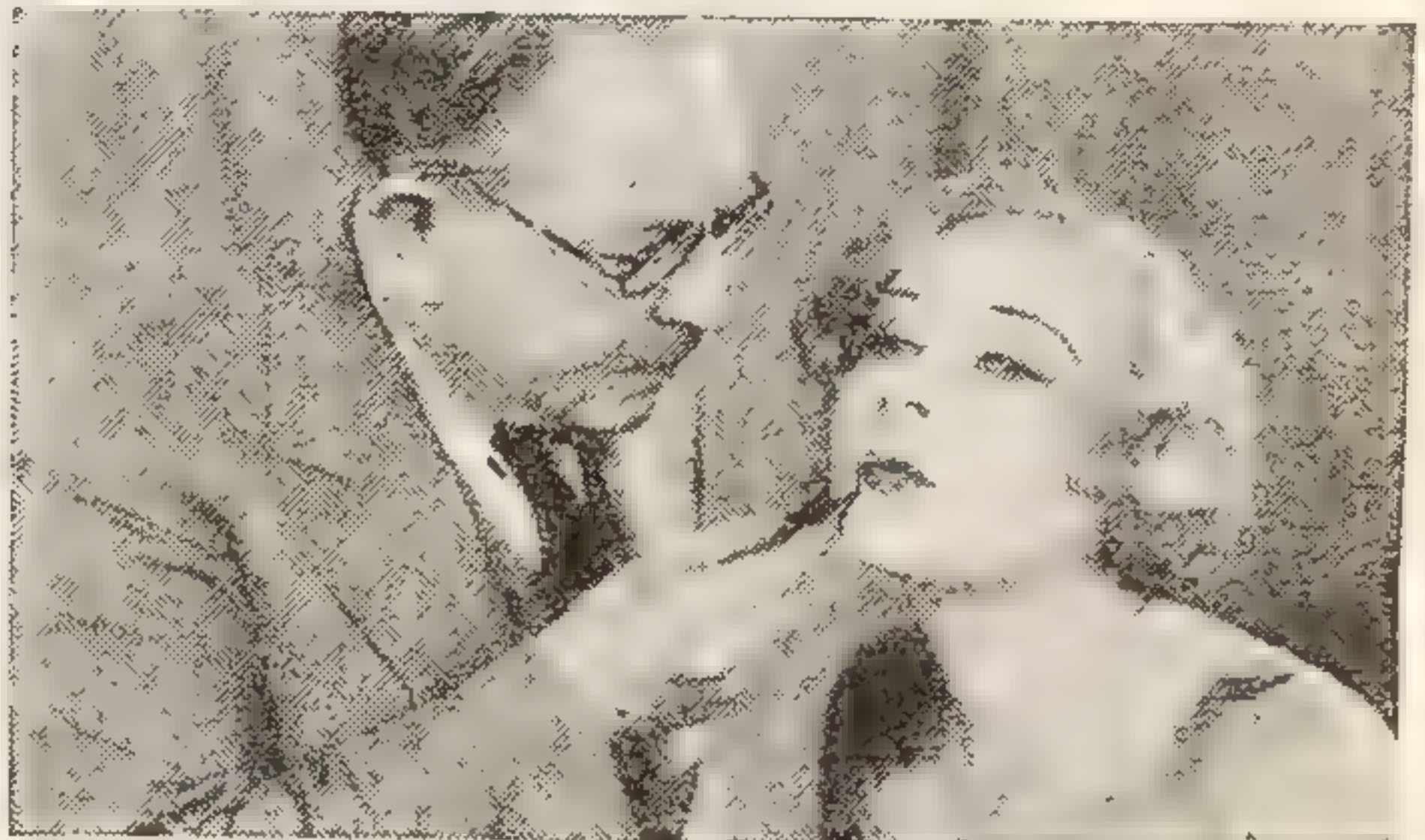


JOAN CRAWFORD,
M-G-M Star, approves her
color harmony in lipstick cre-
ated by Max Factor.



BESSIE LOVE, M-G-M Star and Max
Factor, using Face Powder.

*Powder must blend perfectly with the color tone
of the skin...enlivening its beauty, but never
appearing noticeable.*



GWEN LEE, M-G-M Player, and Max
Factor, using Lipstick.

*Lipstick should impart a lovely, lifelike red,
blending with the rouge and powder...avoid
grotesque, glaring colors.*



RACQUEL TORRES, M-G-M Player,
and Max Factor, using Rouge.

*Rouge must harmonize with the complexion
colorings, and with the make-up ensemble...
avoid "off colors" which mar beauty.*



ANITA PAGE, M-G-M Player, and
Max Factor, using Eye Shadow.

*Eyes appear lovelier and seem to acquire a my-
sterious depth when faintly and artistically
shadowed with Eye Shadow.*

"**H**OW to enhance beauty...how to emphasize personality...how to attract and fascinate...these are the secret problems of every woman which we in the motion picture colony have studied for twenty odd years," Max Factor told me. "And now we know the answers."

"Every girl, every woman may now benefit by what we have learned...and thus accentuate her own natural charms; yes, actually double her beauty, for she has never really learned how to be more beautiful than she is."

"And this is the art of make-up...to be more beautiful than you actually are."

"Color is the life of beauty...and color harmony is the secret of perfect make-up. This we discovered in pictures...and I created colors in cosmetics to glorify natural beauty and to harmonize with the subtle change of coloring in the different types of blondes, brunettes, red-heads and brunettes. Color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, and the requisites of make-up...created to living types, for such ravishing beauties as Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and other famous stars."

"So, first in make-up, is your individual color harmony...then practice the art and technique of application...how to rightly place a touch of rouge to suit your facial contour; how to deftly blend the eye-shadow; how to apply the lipstick to make the color permanent; how to blend the foundation and powder to give an all-day velvety-smooth make-up...and then make-up becomes a magic wand of beauty."

* * *

Now you may share, with the screen stars, this wealth of beauty magic. For you personally, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites for every day, in a color harmony ensemble to effect a transformation in you, to bring out every bit of beauty, of charm, of magnetic attraction...and you will receive this book, forty-eight pages on the art and technique of make-up. The coupon below offers you this courtesy...mail it today.

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD
MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



**This
Amazing
Book...Free**

*With Your
Make-Up Color
Harmony Chart*

Scores and scores of feature pictures...millions of feet of film...the glorious beauty of Technicolor...have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Now realize that you may at last know Hollywood's Make-Up secret. Realize that you yourself can create a natural, alluring beauty of almost indescribable charm by working wonders with everyday make-up. Mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, Calif.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

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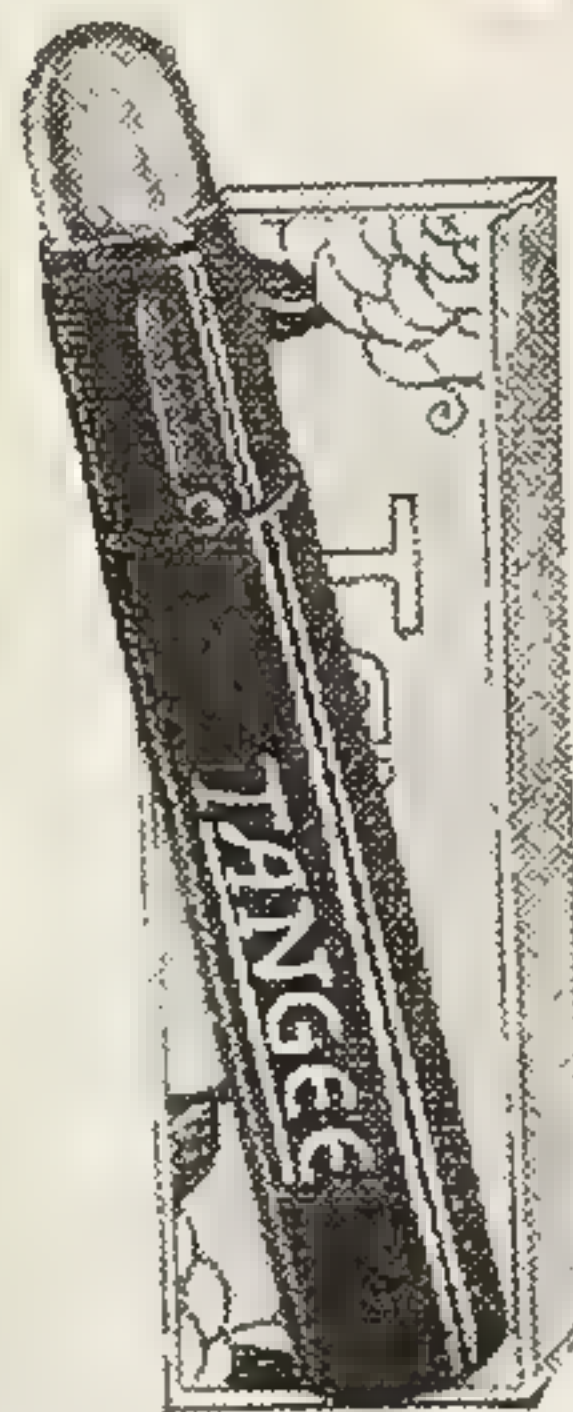
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Crazy to Get Married

[Continued from page 59]

you," I said, reaching for my hat.

"Oh, don't go," said Miss Mackaill. "Listen to this. Did you know that in England several centuries ago—quite before my time, my good man—they would strew the path of the bride with emblems of the bridegroom's calling? Shavings were scattered for a carpenter's bride. Sheepskins for a butcher's. Leather parings for a cobbler's. Scraps of iron for a blacksmith's bride. Wouldn't it be fun if they did that today and a girl were going to marry Charlie Paddock? She'd have to leap over hurdles, probably. Or don't you think so?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Did you know about the ancient superstition of carrying the bride over the threshold of her new home? That has its survival today in the not infrequent case of carrying the bridegroom, the ushers, and some of the guests up the aisle. And that reminds me that another English custom was that the bridegroom had to drink a tankard of beer and then toss the tankard over his shoulder. If it broke, the marriage would be a lucky one; if it didn't break, the marriage was doomed to failure. Once in a while the tankard would strike the bride's head and both the tankard and the head would be broken. That was a calamity indeed, for no one knew how to classify

the marriage."

"H'mm."

"What did you say?"

"I just said h'mm."

"Oh, yes, your cello imitation. Well, I noticed that you didn't write down any of these facts I've just given you, so I've apparently been wasting my time. Would you like to take a walk?"

"Thank you so much."

This reporter got up and was about to leave, but Miss Mackaill called him back.

"So sorry. I just noticed your—er—hangdog look. Ginger Ale or White Rock?"

"I'm too superstitious," I said. "It might mean something."

And that was the way it was. I'm telling it to you exactly the way it was. But I cannot predict what will happen next. I'm no fool. No one can predict what Dorothy Mackaill will do. Perhaps she's been and gone and went and done it already. If that's the case, and if there is a Mr. Mackaill around her Malibu Beach house, then this story isn't of much use to any of us. Is it? Just the same, please excuse me. I've been trying my best to explain to you just how things are. The future to me is something else again. I'm no astrologer, I'm not even a fair palmist.

Dressed In Dignity

[Continued from page 50]

the remarkable part, EVERYONE LIKED HER!

Jean has the viewpoint of the moderns. Years ago when short skirts swirled nonchalantly above the knees of the post-war flappers, old folks ran screaming in terror—"Look-look, your knees!"

"What's the matter with them?" asked the girl of the period.

Whether the fashions began it, or whether Jean Harlow had the idea first and Dame Fashion began tearing off her sleeves, waists and bodices, throwing away her collars and fichus to try to catch up with Jean, other pens must tell.

But Jean did more than just lead in the

style, she revealed the wholesomeness of mind that made the whole thing a matter of everyday custom. And what poise that required! Curves came to light that had been tucked away completely lost to the world ever since the days of the French court. But Jean carried it all off with perfect aplomb.

Norma Shearer is rapidly taking her place as a style leader. Like Jean she has the modern angle.

We see the naked, untutored savages and realize as we look at them, that it is all in what you have been taught to expect. Well, Jean and Norma have given us a new lesson.

Even Heroes Are Getting Human

[Continued from page 17]

attractive, deliciously human. "The Royal Family of Broadway" further proved his flair for insane gayety and entirely nonsensical behavior. And it is for his characterizations in these two films that Freddie will be remembered—and adored.

For while not many of us have quite the same quaint sense of humor that he displayed in "Laughter," and fortunately (?) few of us are able to give vent to histrionics as he did in "The Royal Family," at some time or other, every mother's son and daughter of us would like to "let go" just as Freddie did in both of these films.

Another actor who is liked more for his weakness than for his strength is Chester

Morris, for with few exceptions, his rôles have been unflattering. As the ex-husband in "The Divorcee," he was anything but an admirable individual—but who could blame Norma Shearer for returning to him? And in "The Big House," though he finished in a blaze of glory, he certainly got off to a bad start. Yet Leila Hyams forgave and forgot all his sins—and didn't we all? For there's something about Chester Morris that "gets under your skin."

His appeal is not that of the boy but of the man. He personifies the under-dog—the man who does wrong, not because he likes it, but because he cannot help himself. He is the man that any one of us

might be but for the grace of God.

And because you recognize that quality and are so aware of Morris' very human frailty, you cannot find it in your heart to blame him.

The career of Neil Hamilton offers an illuminating illustration of the present tendency to like our heroes better for their faults than for their virtues.

For a goodly number of years Hamilton had played featured rôles and leads—always competently, always uninterestingly. Suddenly, he changed studios—and personalities, as well. From a dependable, too good to be true individual, he became a perfectly charming but thoroughly unreliable person who loves 'em and leaves 'em with grace and finesse.

As the philandering traveling salesman in "Laughing Sinners," Neil does an excellent job of almost ruining Joan Crawford's life—but he does it most attractively. And in "Strangers May Kiss," he causes Norma Shearer more heartaches than did any of her heroes in the past.

Hamilton typifies the experienced, mature man of the world. His irresponsibility is more deliberate than that of Fredric March, his nonchalance is the result of ennui and not of youth, as is the case with Robert Montgomery. Hamilton is the slightly dangerous man that every girl hopes in her secret heart some day to meet. Of course, what she will do then is her problem—

In every studio in Hollywood, what happened in the case of Hamilton is happening now, to a greater or less degree, to countless other old-time favorites. So definite

has become the demand that heroes step down from their pedestals that those of our veteran Lotharios who wish to remain in the starry firmament are adopting new personalities and new rôles.

Ronald Colman, who was wont to rescue Vilma Banky from turretted battlements with never a doubt or qualm, cavorted around in a most unheroic way in "The Devil to Pay." But the heroine still pursued him.

In "Cimarron," Richard Dix, one of our most trustworthy gallants in the past, was utterly undependable—and thoroughly fascinating. Even our own Buddy Rogers has succumbed to popular sin, and in "The Lawyer's Secret," he goes weak and trembling—and becomes, for the first time, an actor.

In fact, the trend to the new movie hero, the lovable weakling, has very definitely set in. And among the most promising newcomers who are responsible for furthering this trend are Monroe Owsley, Leslie Howard, Lester Vail and Clark Gable, whom, if present indications are reliable, you are going to hear—and see—more and more during the next twelve months.

Owsley has been doing bits in the past, usually as the man who (with what a charming gesture!) loses the girl. His rendition of Ned Seton in "Holiday" made screen history and he was much in demand for other roles that required scintillating sinning.

But scintillating sinners and the men who lose the girls, no matter with what charming gestures, are not heroes. Owsley

at last is getting a break in Joan Crawford's new picture, now in production. He is his usual weak self at first, but toward the end of the picture he wakes up, gets a grip on himself and in the final fade-out, on the girl, thus achieving his first happy ending.

Clark Gable is the lovable gangster—the weak in spirit if not in flesh sort of person, obviously the unwitting victim of his own baser nature. Yet he has the sullen appeal, the elemental fierceness that makes us women fall. Even Norma Shearer could not resist him in "A Free Soul," though she should have known better. And being no respecter of persons, Gable even put Joan Crawford "on the spot" in "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Lester Vail was in "Dance, Fools, Dance," too—and in that picture, though he started out darkly, he reformed quite nicely in the end. So nicely, in fact, that he almost lost his eligibility to be classed as a "lovable weakling." But in "It's a Wise Child," he proved his fitness for the classification by walking out on his girl, Marion Davies, when trouble threatened.

Tall, dark and handsome, Vail is typical of many young men of this day and age. Men who want to be honorable and play the game square, but who lack the final necessary spark of strength—or courage, if you prefer—to make a go of it.

Which, perhaps, is just another way of saying the "typical new model 1931 movie hero—the lovable weakling." Say what you will, he's a lot more human—a lot more "real"—and going to the movies is going to be a lot more fun now that he's arrived!

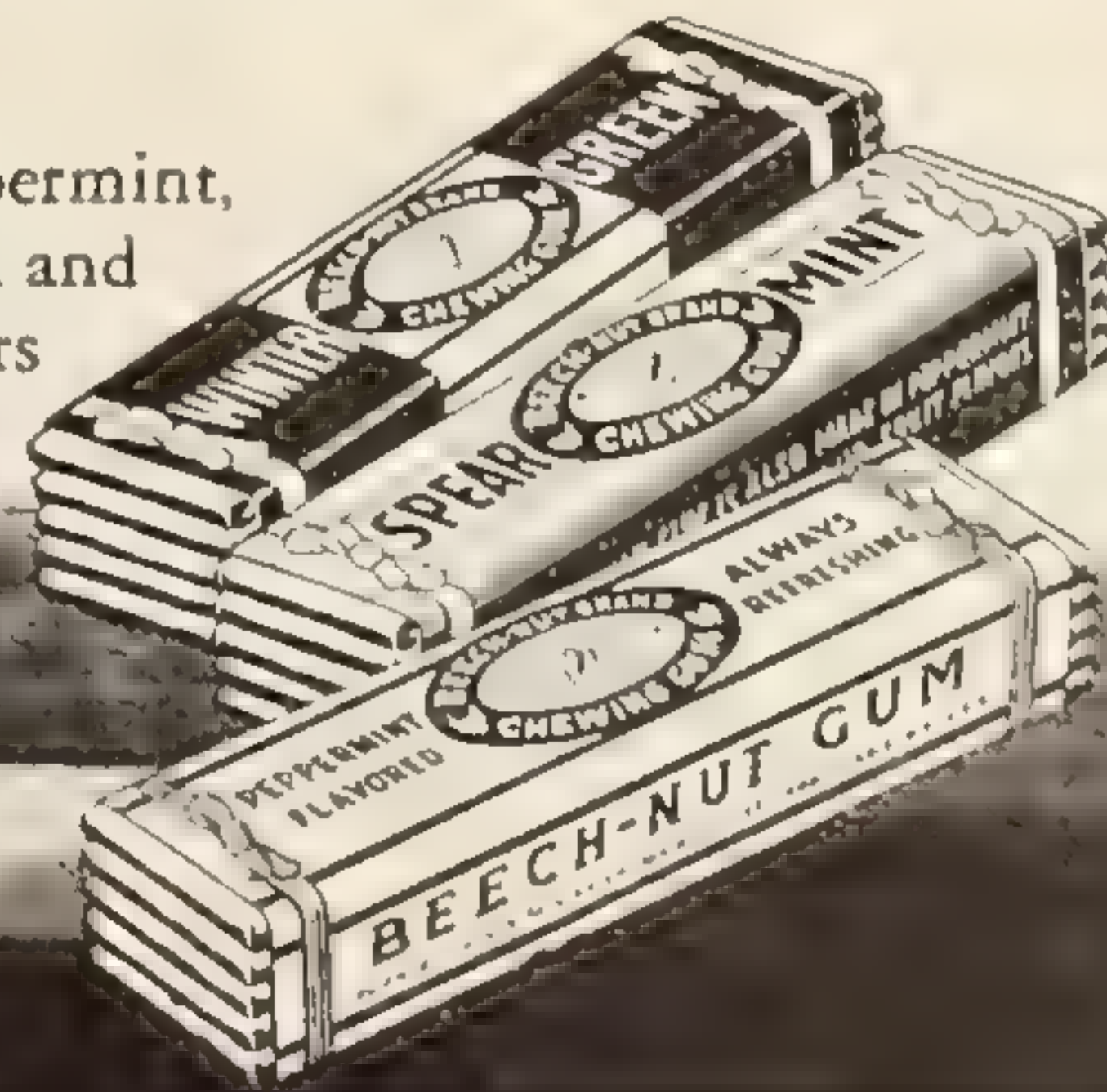
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Good and
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Their Names Are News

[Continued from page 43]

Southern Pacific Railway Company. But he is not Lupe's Gary.

John Gilbert spends his working days in an elevator, going up and down. True, the screen actor has been having his ups and downs for the past two years—but not running elevators.

Ann Harding is a widow. Also, she is childless. Helen Costello is making hats for her livelihood. Elinor Faire and Lila Lee are waitresses in small Hollywood eating houses. Elinor refuses to comment on her job but Lila is not so reticent. "I am certain of three square meals a day," is the way she sizes up her position.

As a drug salesman, Harold Lloyd is a success. William Powell, a janitor, indignantly denies ever having been in motion pictures. Will Hays recently left Hollywood and is not washing windows in Beverly Hills. He is *not* the Will Hays who washes the industry's product clean of sin. Jeanette MacDonald may sing for personal enjoyment but she earns her living selling hosiery in a Los Angeles department store.

Loretta Young, screen actress, probably counts calories but Loretta Young, the cashier in a Hollywood cafe, counts change. Joe Brown, butcher, declares his job is butchering meat, not film scenes. He is married and has three sons in Hollywood High School. Charles Rogers earns a nice salary washing automobiles. Eddie Lowe often drives his car around for Charlie to clean. Eddie is a chauffeur. Oh no, not the Charles Rogers and the Edmund Lowe.

Even within the industry there are several confusing similarities. Besides Charles Rogers, the star, there is a Charles Rogers, a producer. Joe E. Brown, the comedian, bows cordially to Joe E. Brown, associate producer. William Boyd, Paramount actor, is a different person from William Boyd, Pathé star.

Postal employes constantly mix the letters of Dorothy Lee and Dixie Lee, Sally O'Neill, and Zelma O'Neill, Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll, Ed Lowe, actor, and Ed Lowe, scenarist, Lola Lane and Nora Lane, Irene Rich and Lillian Rich, Esther Ralston and Jobyna Ralston and others.

When the Robert Montgomery story appeared in newspapers, fans all over the country wrote the screen actor asking if it

were true. Most of them believed his explanation but some remained skeptical. Even his grandfather momentarily lost faith and penned a letter begging Bob to mend his ways before his wonderful opportunities were lost.

Had all of the facts been published, Bob would have escaped unwarranted publicity but the newspapers would have lost a sensational news item. "Robert Montgomery, motion picture actor, jailed for drunkenness," the headlines read. To all lovers of pictures, there is but one Robert Montgomery.

Dorothy Lee fared better. The entire story of how the other Dorothy killed her lover was printed and thus relieved the actress of all responsibility. Nor did Douglas Fairbanks suffer. No one would have believed him a vagrant even if things had not been explained. Doug might possibly be guilty of a hundred other offenses but vagrancy, no!

Burglar William Haynes did actor William Haines a favor by spelling his name differently. Burglar Bill separates his name with a "y." M-G-M's Bill parts his name in the middle with an "i."

It was different with poor William Boyd. Every time Boyd, chronic criminal, got drunk or beat his wife the fans besieged Will Hayes to put Bill off the screen.

Unless engaged in other businesses, screen stars are not listed in the Los Angeles directory. Nevertheless, practically all of their names appear there by proxy. No doubt, directories in cities everywhere are cluttered up with the names of film favorites. An expensive evening may be spent looking for them. Perhaps a Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich washes clothes in your home town.

Now that the truth is told don't make the mistake of blaming the stars for things others do. Have faith in them. They lead a hectic life and can hardly be blamed for mistakes now and then. But not one star, within the past five years, has been guilty of a more serious offense than speeding. They leave law-breaking to their notorious namesakes.

I forgot to mention that Rudy, my barber, has a much grander name. Believe it or not, he is Rudolf Valentino.

Sylvia Sidney

[Continued from page 20]

Speedway.

A striking beauty she is utterly indifferent to her looks. She will powder her nose if you tell her it is shiny, but the odds are ten to one that she has forgotten her compact. Nor does she ever feel nude without lipstick. Her long, straight hair, like London bridge, is always falling down and her dress invariably gets as spotted as a leopard five minutes after she has arrived at a party. On the other hand, she always manages to look so darn attractive that wherever she goes, she is the cynosure of all eyes.

Concerning her work, she is equally modest. Few actresses of her age have attained success so early in their careers.

Fewer still, can boast of the contacts she has made.

At an age, when most adolescents are hopelessly in love with Robert Montgomery, Sylvia knows and mingles with the leading lights of the social, literary, artistic and financial worlds. And because she enjoys the stimulus of fine minds, she has absorbed something from each, so that instead of the usual foolish reactions of a flapper, hers have always been intelligent and sane.

People who have worked with her—Rouben Mamoulian, Phillips Holmes, Norman Foster and Peggy Shannon have been enthusiastic in their praise.

"She never 'hogs' or 'upstages' but

always gives a 50-50 performance," Norman Foster told me after playing with her in "Confessions of a Co-Ed." "Being a trouper, she doesn't resent or envy anyone else his success. There is room for all good actors, is her credo."

Unlike a great many of her confrères, she is proud, rather than ashamed of her humble birth. No old Colonial mansion nor royal antecedents from the Russian Imperial Palace have ever been manufactured for a colorful genealogy. By her own confession, she was born in the Bronx and will even point out the house, should you be interested in landmarks.

Last year, while she was appearing in "Bad Girl," she decided to live alone. There was no parental objection—there never has been—so she moved into her own quarters and went domestic in a Big Way. A month later, she was signed by Paramount and sent to the coast.

Both Sylvia's mother (who with the exception of Gladys Moran, Lois's mother, is Hollywood's youngest looking parent) and her father (a dentist) have brought up Sylvia with a laissez-faire attitude. Of the Bertrand Russell school of education, they believe in complete freedom from parental bonds. Consequently, from the time she has been able to think for herself, Sylvia has been the captain of her own soul.

Of course, she has played with fire but she has never been burned. When she plays, there are no headlines! She has never been married although a year ago she became engaged and wore an emerald ring for two weeks. By the end of the second week, she had decided that she didn't like emeralds!

Having grown up without inhibitions and repressions, she never resorts to feminine wile. In discussing her the other day, a mutual friend of ours remarked, "I often used to telephone Sylvia and extend a last minute invitation to her. Unlike a lot of other girls, who always pretend to be dated up unless you call them weeks in advance, Sylvia never once pulled that line on me. If she didn't happen to be busy, she'd say so without any long-winded, involved explanation of how she happened to be home."

Because she is such a sane and level-headed person, she isn't excessive in her likes and dislikes nor does she boast any idiosyncrasies.

Books are her greatest hobby and her pet extravagance. Whenever she moves, first she notices how much wall space there is for her bookcases—then she asks the rent.

In addition to her wonderful library, she also has a very fine collection of records. Which explains why a portable Sonora is always an integral part of her travelling paraphernalia. Among her likes are (listed in the order of their preference) garlic, toy animals, drip coffee, liverwurst on rye, antique jewelry and shopping in the five and ten. And she confesses very sotto voce that in her unguarded moments, she is addicted to tapestry and petit point work.

A week before she took the trek west, Sylvia and I lunched together. She talked of her changed attitude toward Hollywood.

"On my last visit, I saw everything through indigo blue glasses. I was so upset by the unexpected way things turned out for me that it completely prejudiced my

89th Prize

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viewpoint and gave me a distorted idea of Hollywood and everyone in it. Having profited by that first experience, I'm not taking any chances this time. Now I'm taking along a pair of rose-colored glasses so I can be sure to see everything in a different light!"

Immediately upon her arrival she was put to work—three pictures in succession—"City Streets", "Confessions of a Co-Ed" and "An American Tragedy". In between breathing, her first letter arrived. It wasn't meant for publication but I am taking the liberty of quoting from it anyway. With Sylvia 3000 miles away, the worst I can get is a bawling out! Here goes:

"The directors I've had so far have been sensitive, human beings and that's a joy to my soul! It hasn't though, been altogether smooth . . . naturally, I've struck snags—darned difficult ones where there seemed no way out—but most of them have been technical things such as camera angles, etc.—things that I'm certain with a little more experience and the help I've been getting from everyone can be overcome—must be overcome! Anyway, there always seems to be someone to remind me and give me a nudge before a scene is taken. Gary Cooper helped a lot. That's what has been so perfectly, perfectly marvelous—the help and co-operation I've had from everyone on the lot . . . from Shulberg down to the make-up girl—barring none.

"I know you are dying to hear about

'City Streets' and I have seen none of it. I still have a bit of an inferiority complex about seeing myself on the screen and I'm learning all my faults anyway! I don't expect to be able to give a great performance in pictures for at least a year. . . . I couldn't. You can't realize the difference between this and the stage and with all I have to learn, it's impossible to do that overnight or even in one or two pictures . . . but I have hopes!"

Another breathing space—and her second letter arrived. Again I quote—again at the risk of a bawling out!

"I am now being faced with a vacation and after nearly five months of intensive work, I'm afraid there is going to be a dreadful let-down. Frankly, I don't know what I'll do with myself. I know this is going to be a dreadful shock to all the friends of the drama but I've practically forgotten about the New York stage. I don't know what I'd do with footlights in front of me again! I'd miss the bedlam of the studio!

"Hollywood as it is, I know very little about because I have been working so hard. Haven't even been to a Hollywood opening yet. You see, I came out this time with the determination to work, not as a sightseer or tourist! In fact, I've become quite a hermit. I live sort of high up on a hill with a glorious view and once I'm up there, I don't ever want to come down!"

I don't blame you, Sylvia. From my point of view, you're sitting on top of the world!



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Madge Evans

[Continued from page 35]

for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I was thrilled beyond words. I had read reams about California and Hollywood in particular but had never laid eyes upon one inch of the country before. My work on the stage had kept me pretty much confined to theatres, cities and stock companies.

"The day I arrived, however, was the only day (so they said) that it had rained in months. Everything was dripping wet, there was no sun and besides I felt lonesome. It was a depressing event, coming as it did as a letdown to my fanciful dreams of what I would see when the train pulled into the depot. I was whisked right to the studio—many miles away, to my complete consternation, and since then I have been so busy with pictures I have scarcely had time to see anything of Hollywood. I did manage to lunch at the Brown Derby once only to discover later it was the wrong one.

"My early screen training? It's of no value whatever to me now. My stage experience is vastly more useful in reading of lines, understanding of dramatic values and poise. In the days I first remember working in pictures at Fort Lee, everything was so primitive as compared with what I find now. There isn't one solitary detail left unchanged. I am a perfect stranger to

this new industry. Not even the camera was familiar to me. In fact, disguised with what they call 'bungalows', I didn't know where the camera was when I made my first tests with Mr. Novarro.

"I really can't compare the stars I meet today with those I played with at Fort Lee. There were Robert Warwick, Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montague Love—all those people who were so marvelous to me. Everyone I have played with here has been so very considerate. I do think, however, there was much more fun—or romance, if you'd call it that—in the old, silent days. Everything was so uncertain. Nothing was secure or definite. Players had to be good troupers. They were like prospectors looking for gold. Now everything is so business-like, well-regulated, smooth and thoroughly organized. Of course, I realize the necessity for economic control in any industry. But the old hit-or-miss days seemed more thrilling.

"But speaking as you were of advertisements, there was one I never have a chance to forget posing for. It was for a hat manufacturer who put out what he wanted to call a 'Madge Evans' hat, named after me. That was years ago. But every month a check still comes with royalties!"

He's Sore Because He's A Hit

[Continued from page 38]

heavies," he shot back, "if I can play manly heavies. It's these sissies who hide behind their women's skirts I object to."

Monroe's mind was made up and there was no placating him. Besides, other things were worrying him.

"When I came out here I knew a lot of people and they began asking me around. I tried to play and work at the same time. It can't be done. Besides the late hours, it was a cocktail here and a highball there. I finally had to call 'quits.' I'm on the wagon now and I've taken a house down at the beach. The next time you come down, you'll drink lemonade and like it. Moreover, we go to bed at nine o'clock.

"It seems to me that everybody out here worries more than is good for anyone. They worry over parts, they worry over pictures, they worry over publicity and they even worry—seriously—over whether they look their best when they go out anywhere. It's beginning to hand me a big laugh.

"I've reached the point where I can't worry any more. I haven't got any nerves: they're numb."

Monroe is one of the most highly strung people I've ever met. He moves at a high tension all the time. Even when he sits down there is nothing relaxed about him.

He was born in Georgia. His father was a manufacturer but Monroe's ambition was to become a second Ty Cobb. In every one of the several cities in which he lived—Atlanta, St. Louis, El Paso, Hartford and New York—he immediately identified himself with a ball team. Later,

he played football and went out for track at West Philadelphia High, Loomis Institute and Bristol High. He prepped for Yale, became a member of the Sigma Lambda Nu fraternity and then went into the R.O.T.C. in 1918. Yale never saw him.

His first job was on a newspaper as a reporter and he pounded out copy while playing semi-pro baseball on the side.

As he puts it, he wasn't setting the woods on fire as a reporter and through one of those freaks of circumstance that happen only in New York and Hollywood, suddenly found himself playing in vaudeville. His bookings completed, he looked around vainly for a job. The pantry grew emptier and emptier. Then a friend told him of a tent show company that was being organized to take "The Meanest Man in the World" on tour. Monroe got the lead and tramped with them for a season.

Afterwards he doubled in "Merton of the Movies" and got his first real break. This was followed with the "Sky Hawk," "The Best People," "Young Blood," "The Goose Hangs High," "The Great Gatsby" and "Holiday," interspersed with about forty-nine weeks of stock work for Stuart Walker.

His rendition of the part of *Ned Seton* in the stage production of "Holiday" brought him to the attention of filmland and he came to Hollywood to re-create the same part in the picture.

"Here's another thing," Monroe said, reverting to his grievances. "On the stage they hand you a part. You read it and

that's the way it stands. If you like it, you play it and if it doesn't appeal to you, you turn it down.

"In pictures, they hand you a script. You read it and think 'swell.' You play it and then go to see the preview. Your best scenes have been cut out. In 'Holiday'—on the stage—instead of ending where Linda rushes out the door to the taxi, it ends with the old man telling Ned to go to the pier and stop the boat. When Ned refuses, he says, 'I'll go myself.' Ned laughs at him, locks the door and cuts the telephone wires, grabs a glass and says 'To Linda.'

"It was a grand finish because it shows that Ned wasn't basically a weakling and that he was capable of doing something as big for his sister as she had tried to do for him. But *that* scene was cut out pretty quick in the picture, I can tell you.

"In another picture in which I worked, I had a terrific scene. Although I was doing all the talking, the camera was focussed on the pretty lady lying on her bed with cushions piled all around to frame her beauty and you saw only the back of my head.

"I've got to get back to the set," he finished suddenly, "or they'll be waiting for me and raising Cain about *that*."

I watched him depart regretfully. Conversation with Monroe is never boring. He says what he thinks, regardless of whose toes he treads upon.

Russell Gleason dropped his lean length into the chair opposite me. "ow-che-do?" he grinned.

But I was in no frame of mind for persiflage. "You know Monroe Owsley?" I asked.

"Sure," said Russ. I think Russ must live in Dr. Stork's delivery room. He knows everybody.

"Well, tell me something about him," I demanded.

"There isn't much to tell," said Russ. "He's just like anybody else: a nice guy, plays a fairly good game of tennis—I mean, he can beat me—and he lives on the same street I do. That's about all, I guess."

But it doesn't seem to be all to me. It seems to me that a darned fine actor is being spoiled because the people who run the treadmill are too busy getting up speed to see that the players on top of it are kept in a contented frame of mind!

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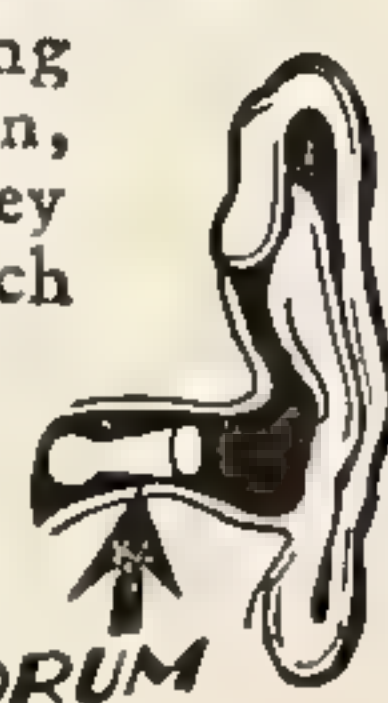
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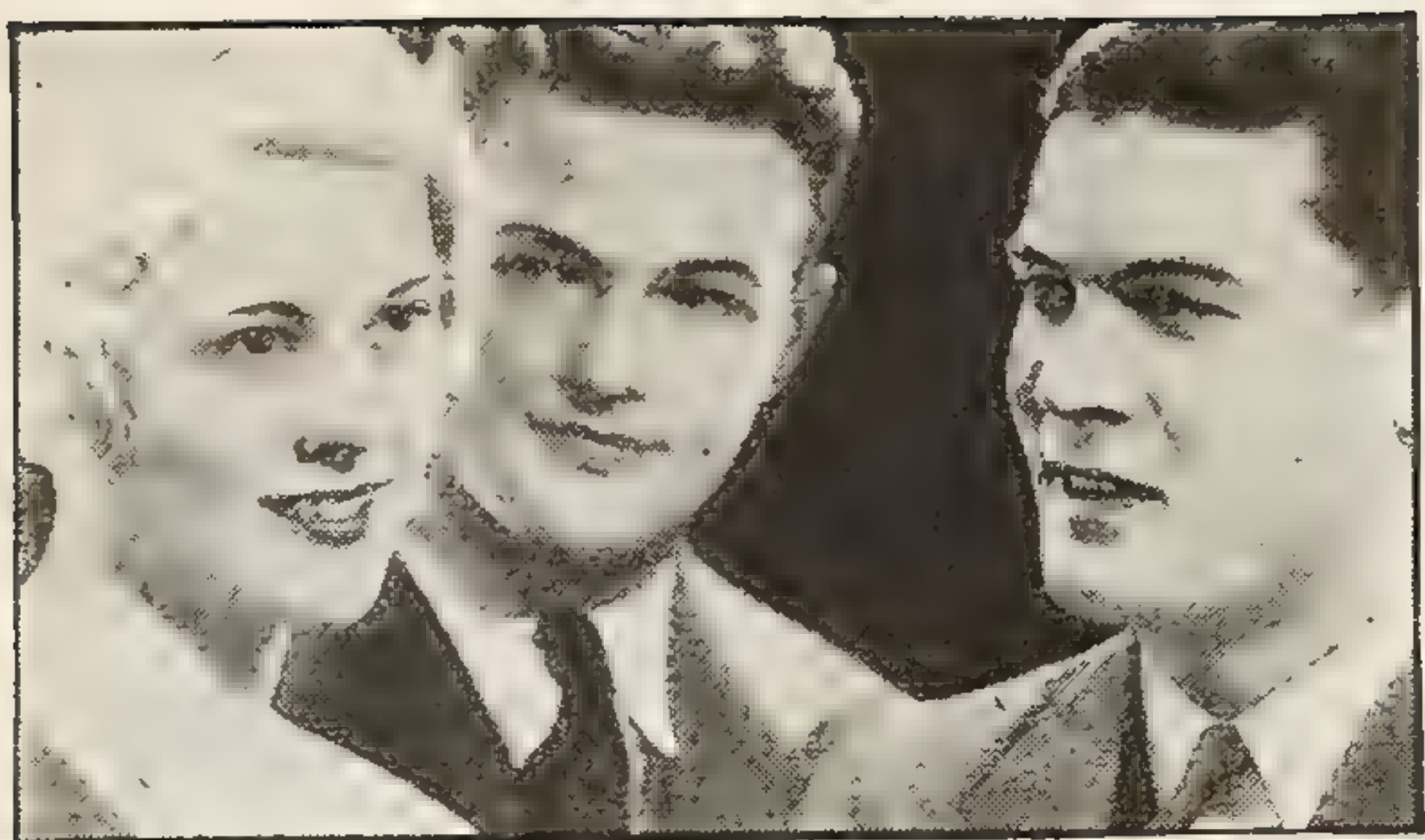
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"Smooth" Ladies

[Continued from page 26]

smoothness. The new star is "smooth". That's it. Shiningly "smooth". Beautifully "smooth".

"Smooth" according to my dictionary is "That which has a surface without irregularities; not rough; perfectly blended. That in which there is no noticeable break or flaw. That which is *polished* to a very high degree so as to be lustrous to the eye."

Could there, I ask you, be a more perfect description of the new screen stars?

Let us consider them for a minute. They are girls you feel would prove equal to any circumstance. They keep themselves fit. They ride superbly. Their well kept hands rest confidently on the wheel of a car or the stick of a plane. They have brains. And they use them. They are chic. They have humor. They have courage. They have glamour. They are the modern Circe. Their lure isn't a superficial thing lying in sly eyes and exotic trappings. Or in the transient beauty and enthusiasm of slim years alone. The lure of the new star, the "smooth" star, is an enduring thing. It is the fascination of an individual who, physically and mentally, has attained her highest point . . . who has made up her clear thinking mind where she is going in Life and is confidently on her way.

When a gripping, dramatic story places one of these new stars in a difficult situation she faces it with a bon mot instead of hysterics and manages to be one hundred percent convincing.

No wonder these poised girls are crowding all others off the screen. Just as in reality the girls who have "polished themselves to a very high degree so as to be lustrous to the eye" are overshadowing all the others who thought because a pretty face and slim curves had been enough they always would be enough. Alas, for flaming youth! Alas, for the pretty little flappers! They are too obvious to hold the proverbial candle to this rising race of "smooth" young women.

As far as the screen is concerned the public, that final and absolute authority behind the crowning and abdicating of movie queens, no longer supports a star who isn't "smooth". Miss America will pay the price of admission only to see lovely "smooth" young women handling all kinds of adult situations as gallantly and masterfully as she fully intends handling any similar situations that arise in her own life.

When the contracts of Mary Brian and Fay Wray, two pretty flappers, expired recently they were not renewed. Mary and Fay are sweet and demure but a girl has to be more than this—much more—to stake any serious claim to glamour these days. The sweet and demure type simply doesn't fit in with the modern trend.

The Paramount Company, which didn't renew the Brian and Wray contracts, is enthusiastic about Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich. They make it very evident that they consider these two "smooth" young ladies great assets. Tallulah and Marlene are brilliant examples of what the modern girl aims to be. Therefore they can, in all likelihood, show

her a few things. They are her ideal. They accept Life as if it were a gorgeous game. They play hard. They see to it that they get the most fun out of it. Watching them it becomes obvious to their audiences that they've been places and done things. That they know the answers. And because they are one hundred percent capable of taking care of themselves and because they have an easy poise, they do things "ladies" once weren't supposed to do. But they remain "ladies" still.

Tallulah Bankhead has appeared in one picture in which she was handicapped by a balderdash story. But she has caught the public's interest and imagination. She knows how to dramatize herself. On the screen. When giving interviews. When appearing in public. When sitting for portraits. And Tallulah's popularity, judging from those two infallible barometers, box-office receipts and fan mail, is as up and coming as Tallulah herself.

It is quite the same with Marlene Dietrich. Marlene has appeared in only three pictures shown on American screens but already she is very close to the top of the bright starry heap. There's a knowing look in Marlene's eyes. She has about her, off the screen and on, whatever she is doing, the quiet power of authority.

Where Jean Arthur, Colleen Moore, Mary Brian and Fay Wray, charming and sweet, have one facet of color Tallulah Bankhead, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett and all the other girls who are "smooth" are the entire prism. Before you have a chance to weary of one color they flash another. They have the fascination of infinite variety. They are like medleys, mosaics, or mingled silken skeins. But like the rare wines and well seasoned sauces and like the dictionary's definition of smooth, their many qualities are perfectly blended.

Off the screen as well as on the screen the "smooth" stars have a way of dominating the scene. It is interesting to contrast Mary Brian and Fay Wray with Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich.

Mary and Fay are nice girls. But because you almost always can tell exactly what they'll do next they have no great interest. I know of no writer, by way of example, who wouldn't like to do a story about Mary and Fay that would give them a break. But really there isn't anything you can say about them. They're pretty and they're sweet and they're well mannered. When you've said this you've said everything.

It may be, of course, that Mary and Fay have an individuality and a dash which they have gone to great lengths to submerge and suppress in order to fit into the conventional pattern of the pretty little flapper and not interfere with their screen personalities. If so there's hope for them. They may come back to the screen different people entirely and surprise us.

Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich, however, in direct contrast are stimulating and interesting. They both have dozens of interesting opinions. Writing a story about either of these girls is a sinecure. If their mothers were old-fashioned

enough to teach Tallulah and Marlene not to monopolize the conversation they've forgotten all about it. *And you're glad!* That's the important thing! For they have a great deal to say and they say it well, always leading up to their point dramatically. Anybody can talk about herself, of course. But it takes a girl like Tallulah or Marlene, a girl who is "smooth", to talk about herself and have her listeners urging her on. These girls have reached out eagerly for life with the result that their youth is enriched by wisdom, experience, and a clear perspective. They have all the attractiveness of a woman of the world without having any of her unpleasant qualities.

Wherever they are, Tallulah and Marlene—and all the other girls who are "smooth" for that matter—have the center of the stage. Because their magnetism and personality make people yield it to them as if they were, in truth, queens. They have a flare for dramatizing themselves that inevitably makes them the cynosure of all eyes. They have the qualities of leaders highly developed within them in spite of their youth. They are

perfectly at home anywhere . . . in a kitchen or a great drawing-room, at a Sunday school picnic or at a night club.

And now I'm going to tell you something of a studio secret. Never before have I known the wives of leading men to go into worried huddles over the glamorous ladies to whom their husbands are paid to make love. They accepted the fact that their handsome husbands spent the best part of their lives in the studios with the old-fashioned, exotic vampires, the exponents of flaming youth and the big eyed flappers without any apparent qualms. But their instincts seem to tell them that the new "smooth" stars are far more dangerous. Not that these girls go in for husband snatching. It is simply that the wives, having met the new stars, recognize them as being colorful and stimulating individuals who well might fascinate anyone seeing much of them. No wonder that the wives of leading men have that worried look.

There's no doubt about it, a new era in charmers is at hand. Today it is the girl who is "smooth" who counts. The pretty little flappers of the screen are completely overshadowed by the "smooth" ladies.

Pat of the Milwaukee O'Briens

[Continued from page 41]

me. Two of my cousins were the finest riders in 'Buffalo Bill's Wild West Shows', and when the show came to Milwaukee I was in the tent as much as they were. I used to watch the performers make up, and follow them with my eyes as they rode through the canvas curtains into the arena."

Pat dropped out of college for a time, and did land a very small bit in "Adrienne," a musical comedy in New York. Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, George Bancroft, now one of the screen's ace good-bad men, was a singing comedian in that show.

Milwaukee remembers Pat best when he came back from that excursion into Manhattan's theatrical world. He directed numerous amateur productions around Milwaukee—the Association of Commerce show, the Junior League and Milwaukee Country Club revues, and finally the Milwaukee Pageant of Progress.

"I had just enough taste of direction in those days to know that I didn't want to continue in that line. I wanted to be an actor. I dropped out of Marquette again and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

"My first job after I left school for good was with a small traveling repertory company. We played all over the country—down through the south in towns where they hadn't seen a stage play in years. We set up our scenery in cob-webby opera houses, above butcher shops and undertaking parlors. And we never knew from one day to the next when we would be completely broke and out of a job. I learned the real rudiments of acting from James Gleason when I joined his stock company in Milwaukee. Lucille Gleason and Robert Armstrong were also in that company."

It hasn't been any rose-strewn path to theatrical fame for Pat. It took him a long

time to get to Broadway, the mecca of every actor. He would be in shows during out of town tryouts. They always turned into weak, faltering pieces which ended in Cain's storehouse instead of those famous showhouses which dot the white-light district of Times Square. Then it would be back to stock again—small cities in New England and the middle west.

He was in "A Man's Man" in New York, also "Henry, Behave" and a long run of 47 weeks in "Gertie." For the first time in his acting career he achieved mild affluence. He was able to join the Lamb's Club and talk about show business with the theatrical great.

Pat played Dan McCorn in "Broadway." You remember Dan, the soft-spoken cop who whispered the famous words—"pull yourself together, kid." "Broadway" was an event, too, for he met the pretty little actress who is now Mrs. Pat O'Brien.

During his last season in New York before coming to the cinema coast, he played in "Overture" and "The Up and Up." "Overture" was not long for this world, but his performance in it was rated as one of the ten best of the current season.

Right now he is playing opposite Irene Dunne in "Consolation Marriage," at the Radio studios. He is still under contract to Howard Hughes, but there are little wires being pulled which may place him permanently on the Radio roster of stars.

Pat has a rich, Irish voice. He speaks softly, but to borrow a phrase from Theodore Roosevelt, "he carries a big stick." An Irish temper is not to be trifled with, and when Pat hits 'em they stay hit. He is about thirty years old, six feet tall and of sturdy build. He has a ruddy complexion and auburn hair. As I have said before, you'd almost know his name was O'Brien.

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In This Lies Tragedy

[Continued from page 21]

forbidden—morose. A melancholy man.

Until three years ago, when talking pictures hurled a bombshell into the business and caused the reorganization of the greatest industry which ever has grown from the clink of silver at the box office, John Gilbert was an outspoken, friendly, kindly person.

He was more than this. He was honest, unassuming and open-hearted. The world wanted to know about John Gilbert. He poured out his soul, his thoughts, his dream, his hopes. And, above all, he confessed his weaknesses. . . .

"I was exhausted, and I got drunk . . . Leatrice Joy and I separated, and the fault was ninety-nine and nine-tenths mine . . . The picture you mention was applesauce, and I was most of the applesauce . . . I once was a rotten director and they wanted to get rid of me . . . I possess many faults and few virtues, if any. . . ."

Where, in all Hollywood today, is there a man or woman basking in the ephemeral glory of public approval who has the courage to lift his voice from the housetops in such fashion?

This was the colorful Gilbert whose name was linked with this episode and that episode—with this woman and with that woman—and whose adventures, wild and exotic, were on the tip of every tongue. He measured himself as a man, and when he found something wanting, he told the world.

Then friends and foes and press abused these precious confidences and turned them around and twisted them until they became boomerangs which cut deeply into a sensitive soul. They not only abused John Gilbert's confidences—they abused him.

One cannot blame the Gilbert of today for shrinking inside himself and for turning to no one when he needs comfort and understanding and help. He who was once the background for the Ina Claire-Gilbert story, and the Garbo-Gilbert story, and the Joy-Gilbert story and a dozen other lesser tales, is now in the background himself.

In his life there are few high spots, when one considers events. One must go deeper than events to understand John Gilbert, and his present hermit-like attitude. Of events. . . .

His birth at Logan, Utah. His failure as stage manager in Spokane. His fifteen dollar a week job at Inceville. His slow, desperate struggle to become an actor. His abandonment of acting because one person branded him as "ugly". His attempts at writing and directing, in part successful. The unhappy years at Fox, when he complained he worked in a factory. Then "He Who Gets Slapped", with Norma Shearer, which launched him on the highroad to fame, "La Bôhème", "Flesh and the Devil", "Man, Woman and Sin", "The Snob", "Redemption", "The Big Parade" and others which lifted him into marquee lights and headlines.

Then, at the peak of fame—mainly because of his work with Garbo—came the talking pictures.

Fate alone knows why it was that with

a thousand prominent actors and actresses in Hollywood the press, the critics, official and unofficial, and friends, chose to tear wildly into the subject of John Gilbert's voice. And yet they did. Cruelly and unmercifully, every agency for the propagation of news, rumor and scandal damned his voice as impossible.

Today he has proved that that myth about his voice is just a myth. But the damage done to his career has been done, and only years of successful pictures and years of uninspiring work can wipe out this uncalled for, unkindly, back-handed slap at his brilliant career.

As has been pointed out, John Gilbert is introspective. It is not what the public thinks which hurts him. It is what the public does, what his friends do, and what he himself does which build up the dam in his soul and hold back the painful things he might like to pour into sympathetic ears. He is being eaten away inside, as the saying goes.

Money seems to have had little to do with his unhappiness or happiness of itself. It has, however, played a part in the avalanche of unhappy events which, from time to time, have almost crushed him. He is a generous man. He has spent his money freely. He has passed through many financial crises.

Gilbert never had much money as a boy. He started in films, as I have already mentioned, at fifteen dollars a week. At one time, forty dollars a week was a fortune, and one hundred and fifty dollars a week—a sum realized in 1918—was equal to a king's estate in his eyes.

After the World War, he had a hard time finding work. For months, he tramped the streets and was hungry. Then came a series of lucky breaks which gave him a small fortune. He started investing money. He was reported to be interested heavily—and profitably—in the Edington gasoline company, but the facts of this relationship never were made public. It is reported at present that he is financially interested in the construction of a large office building in Los Angeles. One cannot but wonder at these things, however, because he discusses none of his affairs with those whom he visits—often dropping in like a spectre out of the night for a few hours, and departing noiselessly after a depressing silence.

It is generally reported that within the last two years he has faced and triumphed over a financial crisis. Prior to the financial crash, he is said to have made heavy purchases in an automobile stock known for its tendency to fluctuate. It was reported that he lost \$300,000 within a few hours and that he drew ten weeks advance salary—a total of \$100,000—to cover his margins. This means that within the last twenty-four months he has been as poverty stricken as he was in 1915, when he first came to Hollywood to work for \$15 a week.

The incident is ironic.

Wealth seems to have reached a pinnacle at about the same time glory and love did—and then to have crashed with the other elements in his feverish film life.

However, the main tragedy in life has

been the tremendously poignant struggle he has made to find love. It has been futile.

It is ironic, too, that while he has been hailed as a "great lover" on the screen, he has been unable to hold that delicate thing, a woman's love, in real life. This is one of the mysteries of his perplexing career.

His first love was a little extra girl, who was crushed to death just as his love for her died, at Inceville during the filming of a spectacular production. A wall collapsed on her and Gilbert saw her, dying, being carried from the débris to an ambulance.

This was his first great tragedy.

The girl was desperately in love with him . . . and he was only eighteen. . . .

His first wife he met in a boarding house before the war. She was genteely impoverished. She was beautiful and she was charming. She had Mississippi mansions and plantations and southern skies as a background. He lived with her, but he never really knew her.

At marriage, it seemed to him that he had found love. And he, as a man, thirsted for love and understanding just as he, as a "great screen lover", searched on the screen for those two divinely precious and yet wholly ephemeral commodities. A few months revealed that although he and his wife were physically side by side, that mentally they walked on different sides of the street.

She went away.

A divorce followed.

Leatrice Joy, at this time, was little more than an extra. He found himself attracted to her. This was the most beautiful and the least passionate of all his loves, according to legend. As they rose to fame, their love burgeoned.

Today, after the ashes have cooled, he finds that Leatrice has built a wall which separates him from her and from his child, Leatrice II. Leatrice lives at Malibu and studiously avoids Gilbert. She allows Leatrice II to play on the beach, accompanied by a guard. Gilbert dares not touch the child, even though he can watch her as she romps in the sand. To friends he has said:

"I wish Leatrice would be kind enough to let me hold my baby in my arms just once."

The proximity of his former wife and his child make his lot a harder one.

The situation is hard to understand.

There was a time in his life when he resented Leatrice and her success.

They married. They were divorced.

And in the end—she was beside him, holding his nervous hand at his greatest triumph—the premiere of "The Big Parade" in New York City. After that moment, they fled the noise and the raucous tributes and spent the hours until the dawn together in a tiny café.

Then came Greta Garbo. The glamorous Greta fascinated him for he saw beneath her cool exterior, the woman. He thought that she might give him that love and understanding which he so needed. The woman who could fill this need would become a part of him.

He did not find solace in this love he held for Greta Garbo—this love which was the talk of the nation. He abandoned thought of a union here after months and months of hoping.

It must be remembered that Gilbert has the hungry heart of a poet. Those who find Gilbert fascinating on the screen do not need to be told this. He is, actually, a man who will roam at nights along a lonely beach or try to find comfort in the beauty of a sunset. He is always seeking, searching—

On the heels of these disillusionments—as a tragic end to these earnest explorations into women's souls—came talking pictures. It was a crashing cacophony. And came the perverse rumor, ever gaining in smashing momentum, the report that Gilbert was through. He stood alone, he sought no counsel, and he went through the tortures of the damned as he saw his reputation swept so unreasoningly and so cruelly from him.

Ina Claire—the whimsical woman of the screen and the practical woman of the home, ex-wife of Jim Whittaker, newspaperman and playwright,—was his next wife.

This strange union set the colony to talking, and the colony has not yet stopped talking. Gilbert, unfathomably, lends himself unconsciously to being talked about.

The union was a sudden one, the wedding taking place at Las Vegas, Nevada. Perhaps Ina Claire was dazzled. No one knows. She merely dons a whimsical expression and a quizzical smile when questioned. Today, Ina Claire lives in a twelve room home at Santa Monica, rented from Marion Davies, as Gilbert keeps his solitary vigil a few miles up the seashore at Malibu. She is surrounded by many friends. And her filing application for divorce is one more depressing event in the life of the solitary, melancholy Gilbert.

Gilbert lives in Beverly Hills during the winter months. Of a cold, moonlight night he can hear the lugubrious baying of the Great Dane once owned by his friend, Rudolph Valentino. In the summer, he tries to recapture some of the glamor he knew at seventeen, when he loved an extra and every corner in the road of life offered a surprise. Irony again. On his solitary drives from the studio to his home, he passes what once was Inceville. It has been erased, with the memories of those early years, and now a subdivision gaudily caps the cliffs where Indians, soldiers and cowboys, senators and thieves, paraded in greasepaint.

It is strange that the Gilbert of today finds himself, in real life, so much like the Gilbert, hungry for love, who fascinated the millions in his hey-day of silent-screening. He is the woman-hungry, companion-hungry Gilbert of the first three reels of a Gilbert-Garbo romance—and the rest of the picture may never be shot. He is seeking and groping to find himself and life and love. . . .

He wants relief from the pain of living mentally and actually alone.

John Gilbert may bang back onto the screen and become the glamorous person he once was. Everyone who once worshiped him hopes that this will come to pass. But, whether or not John Gilbert does or does not don the toga of glory which was once his, he always will be fascinating to those who know his screen career, his real career, or both.

And he always will be chasing that vagrant Ariel—and never finding him.

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The Cook's Night Out*[Continued from page 37]*

husband's most favored dishes.

While these nights are more or less of a lark, there was a certain summer when cooking was a difficult task for Ann Harding. It was when she was sixteen and lived at an Army Post with her father, General Harding. Her mother was ill. It was impossible to obtain servants. So through a scorching summer this future screen star presided over pots and pans—and to make matters worse, the kitchen had a tin roof! It was nothing unusual for Ann to swelter in the kitchen for two or three hours, preparing delicacies for officers and their wives who were about to call, dash to her room, take a hasty bath and dress and then appear in the living room, apparently quite cool and at ease, to substitute for her mother as hostess.

Thursday is also Dolores Del Rio's night in the kitchen. I know, because I called that night to find she was busy cooking dinner. I was ushered into the kitchen. There I found her dressed in a simple skirt and blouse covered by a little white apron, stirring a savory-smelling mixture which she called "Huacamole". It's pronounced "Walk-ah-mali" and is served with rice.

I asked her how she made it.

"It's easy," laughed the star. "Take half an onion and chop it up fine. Use two tomatoes, one can of green Ortega chili washed and chopped fine, two mashed avacados and two tablespoons of crisco. You fry the onion in the crisco, then add the tomatoes and chopped chili. Cook this for ten minutes before adding the mashed avacados. Meanwhile, make a ring of Mexican rice on a large plate or platter. When the ten minutes are up, stir quickly and pour in the ring of rice. There you have it. Doesn't it sound good?"

"What about this Mexican rice?" I asked. "How do you fix that?"

"I usually use two cups of rice, one chopped onion, two large-sized tomatoes and four tablespoons of crisco. Fry the rice in the crisco until it's nice and brown, then add the chopped onion and tomatoes. Stir for five minutes, then add as much boiling water as the rice will absorb. Watch carefully and add a little more water from time to time until the rice swells and is soft. Then cover and place on the back of the stove until you're ready to serve. Be sure and keep the flame very low during the making of this dish. It burns easily."

Amanda, who has been in the Del Rio household ever since Dolores came to Hollywood, reigns over the kitchen. She comes from Sweden and is an excellent cook. She has learned to make many of the Spanish dishes Dolores delights to serve on state occasions, but she admits her mistress can still show her pointers in this art.

Speaking of Dolores' Swedish cook reminds me of a favorite dish that Greta Garbo takes pride in making. Garbo seldom talks—except for the movies. It is therefore only natural that few people know about her culinary traits. But she has them just the same. Here is her prized recipe—"Koldommer". It's the

main course of many delightful Garbo dinners. Read carefully and smack your lips. Or better still, try it some evening. It reads like this.

Get a good cut of steak, the size depending on the number of guests. Grind the meat and season highly with spices and chopped onion. Mix with raw eggs in the proportion of two eggs to every pound of meat.

Then take the tender white leaves from a head of cabbage and boil until the leaves are pliable. Place the meat already prepared on these leaves. Fold over the leaves and fasten with tooth picks. Place these individual cabbage leaf meat balls in a large kettle and pour two cans of tomatoes over them. Then let the contents simmer for two hours. The tomatoes will gradually seep through the leaves of cabbage into the meat. Serve one to every plate. Cover with chili sauce. It will not be difficult to persuade your guests to have a second helping of this intriguing Garbo dish.

When you gaze on the fascinating Garbo in one of her exotic love scenes, don't be disturbed with the thought that she's a meat-ball fan because the recipe you've just read is really quite de-luxe-y when it comes to tickling the palate.

When Cody's Norwegian chef, William, steps out each week, speculation is rife among Lew's pals as to whom he will ask for dinner. Lew is probably the best cook of all the male players. He lives at Malibu during the summer. His kitchen is equipped with every latest device. Most of Lew's dishes are French. He, too, is French. His real name is Coty. James, his Man-Friday who has been with Lew for many years, is second-cook.

Jugged hare is a favorite Cody palate-teaser. James' eyes sparkle and open like saucers when this is part of the menu.

"Everybody seems to go for it big," says Lew. "I usually use a medium sized hare, a half pound of lean round steak, four slices of bacon, one onion and four slices of lemon. Two bay leaves and three cloves in a bag, three tablespoons of sherry wine seasoning, one can of mushroom ends, three tablespoons of flour, a half-tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce and two cups of boiled rice.

"Then for the real job. Disjoint the hare, wash and dry on a towel. Then dip it in flour. Brown in oil and season with salt and pepper to taste. Place it in a roaster. Add the steak which should be diced, and the chopped-up bacon. Slice the onion fine and add to the pan, together with the slices of lemon. Then drop in the cheesecloth bag containing the spices. Add enough boiling water to cover the hare. Place in the oven, preferably in a deep casserole, and let it simmer until tender. Then remove Mr. Hare. Also the spice bag. Boil the liquid down and add the liquid from the mushrooms. Cook until thick. Then add the mushrooms cut in small pieces, the Worcestershire sauce and sherry. Return the hare to the gravy and re-heat. Serve the works in a ring of boiled rice."

Marlene Dietrich brought some quaint German recipes with her and never loses

an opportunity to prepare them for her circle of friends. Marlene's little daughter Maria lends a helping hand in shelling peas or stemming the berries. They have a great time together. One of Marlene's mother's favorite dishes was German loaf and this is always one of the popular preparations when Dietrich is at the stove. When I asked Marlene for the recipe, she wrote it down carefully. Then, fearful that I could not make it out, she asked one of the studio girls to type it for me. Here it is.

1 pound ham	1 teaspoon pepper
1 pound fresh pork	2 teaspoons curry powder
1 small onion	1½ tablespoons of sage
1 tablespoon of salt	White of one egg
1/3 cup of cream	

Force the ham, pork and onion through a meat chopper. Add seasonings and again put through the chopper. Add the white of egg and cream and then mix thoroughly. Place four strips of uncooked ham fat on center of square of cheesecloth. Press the mixture into shape and place over the fat. Roll in cheesecloth and tie. Place on trivet in a kettle and add three quarts of boiling water, one-fourth cup of vinegar and a teaspoon of salt. Cover and let simmer two and a half hours. Drain, cool and put under a weight. Serve cold, cut in thin slices.

Louise Fazenda is one of the best housekeepers in Hollywood. She supervises her kitchen and does her own marketing. On Thursday evenings she gives her husband, Hal Wallis, bacon and eggs à la Fazenda.

"Break the eggs into a casserole," says Louise. "Cover with cream topped with a dressing of grated parmesan cheese. Strip with bacon and place in the oven until the bacon is cooked and the eggs set. Be sure the oven is only at medium heat," cautions Louise.

When Hedda Hopper's cook takes a night off, Hedda goes vegetarian. "That's the night I raid the ice-box," laughs Hedda.

"I use up all the surplus greens and vegetables. I'm a regular rabbit. If any of my friends happen to drop in, they get a very healthy dinner whether they like it or not. Last week the victims were Billy Haines, Marjorie Rambeau, Edgar Allen Wolff and Laura Hope Crews.

"They had a salad of dandelion, watercress, chopped spinach and chicory with chilled quartered tomatoes and diced beets. I served this with a dressing of Wesson oil and lemon juice, seasoned with ground fresh pepper corns, salt and paprika. A healthy dish, all right—plenty of roughage."

Dick Arlen's specialty, when bossing the galley of his yacht, is eggs à la Windsor. In spite of the aristocratic name, this means poached eggs on toast covered with a rich cream sauce with chopped mushrooms and a sprinkling of chopped parsley and chives. Eat this if you must, but it's a waist-line enemy.

Buddy Rogers goes in for Oysters Louisianne, a creole dish that Buddy cooks to a queen's taste. His mother taught him how. It's the favored dish on the cook's night out.

Some of Hollywood's priceless heirlooms consist of pots and pans that have been in the family for generations. Marie Dressler has a casserole that has been in her family for years. Skeets Gallagher still has his old army frying pan. He fries eggs in it and hums "Dear Old Pal of Mine" while the eggs are sizzling. Irene Dunne's prized kitchen possession is a well-worn chopping bowl in which her mother chopped many raisins and nuts for Christmas cakes and puddings.

Cooking is an art that calls for temperament, imagination and the flair for seasoning. Great chefs, like great artists, can throw a temperamental fit with the best of them. Cooks and movie stars are somewhat like the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady—sisters under the skin.



Dorothy Jordan, Geo. O'Brien, Elissa Landi, Ivan Lebedeff, Ann Harding, Carl E. Milliken, Sec'y M.P. & D., Harry Bannister. Seated—Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl and Robert Coogan at the N.E.A. convention

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Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

Gloria Swanson is good, though a bit kittenish at times, and Ben Lyon's grand.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN Fair (Paramount)

A pleasing picture that you'll like. The story's about a spoiled society gal whose father sends her out West to avoid a scandal. Of course she falls in love with a cow-hand. But the cow-hand being Gary Cooper you can't question her taste. Carole Lombard gives her best performance to date, and Gary is grand as usual.

JUST A GIGOLO Fair (Paramount)

The humor is rather forced in this picture about a lad who poses as a gigolo in order to test the purity and virtue of the woman his uncle has picked out as his future wife. William Haines seems self-conscious as the man and Irene Purcell doesn't help matters much, either.

KICK IN Good (Paramount)

Clara Bow goes dramatic but Regis Toomey gets all the breaks. He plays an ex-convict who tries to go straight, and Clara's his loyal wife. Opinion will be divided on this, but given a better break and a more modern story, it looks as if Clara will crash through in her next drama. Regis Toomey steals this one.

LAUGHING SINNERS Fair (M-G-M)

This may draw fans on the strength of Joan Crawford's acting, but it isn't up to the standard of her recent pictures. She plays a cabaret girl who joins the Salvation Army to blot out the memory of a great sin. But when she meets the man she loved, she falls again. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton are the men.

LAWYER'S SECRET, THE Good (Paramount)

You don't have to be a Buddy Rogers fan to admire his simple and sincere acting in this one. He's no longer a sweet youth, but a coward willing to see an innocent man sentenced for murder rather than confess his own complicity. Clive Brook is a little too self-righteous as the lawyer, and Richard Arlen has only a small part, so Buddy walks off with the picture.

MAD GENIUS. THE Good (Warners)

A powerful picture with John Barrymore turning in an impressive performance. He plays a cripple who longs to be a great dancer and fulfills his own dreams through a foundling whom he trains. There is a blood-curdling climax.

MALTESE FALCON Fair (Warners)

Bebe Daniels is the nominal star of this mystery picture, but she hasn't much to do. Ricardo Cortez is interesting as a fast-thinking detective who solves the mystery behind a number of murders committed in an attempt to get hold of the Maltese Falcon, a statuette filled with precious stones.

MAN IN POSSES- SION, THE Good (M-G-M)

Robert Montgomery in his second starring picture. He's a gay, irresponsible lad in "deah old Lunnon" who becomes a sheriff's assistant when his father turns him out of his house. He takes possession of the home of a young society woman whom his brother is trying to marry, believing her to be rich. Lots of light, amusing comedy with Irene

Purcell and Charlotte Greenwood helping out with the fun.

NEWLY RICH Good (Paramount)

Here's a grand burlesque on Hollywood child stars with Jackie Searl as the pampered lad with golden curls who never forgets his "public". Mitzi Green becomes Jackie's leading lady and the fun begins. Louise Fazenda and Edna May Oliver as Hollywood mothers give swell performances and you'll rock in your seats with laughter.

NIGHT ANGEL. THE Fair (Paramount)

A hopelessly unbelievable story with Nancy Carroll going dramatic in a big way. It's about a vice prosecutor (Fredric March) who falls in love with the daughter of a woman who runs a vice den and commits murder to protect her. You probably won't like Nancy's new hair cut.

NIGHT NURSE Good (Universal)

Barbara Stanwyck as a night nurse in a big hospital gets involved in a series of strange adventures when she is sent to take care of two youngsters who are ill. The lovely Stanwick even has to take a sock on the chin. Clark Gable and Ben Lyon give good performances.

PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE Good (M-G-M)

No longer the great lover, John Gilbert proves himself a darn good actor. He plays a young musician convicted of the murder of his sweetheart's father. How he escapes, finds the real murderer and wins back the girl makes an exciting story. Leila Hyams is the girl.

REBOUND Good (R.K.O.-Pathe)

If you like sophistication you'll like this one. Ina Claire plays an ultra-modern girl in love. Not much action but lots of smart repartee. Robert Ames is the hero.

RULING VOICE, THE Good (First National)

A gangster film that's slightly different. Walter Huston is a first rate racketeer who decides to give up the racket when his enemies kidnap his daughter. Loretta Young and David Manners are the love interest.

SEED Good (Universal)

A tear-jerker which most women will enjoy and most men will consider just sentimental tripe. John Boles doesn't sing but goes dramatic. His childhood sweetheart understands his yearning to write, so he leaves his wife and children and goes with her. Sometimes they call this "field work for material." Oh these writers! However, he has his fling at life and the ink pots, and after he has cooled off a bit he remembers the little wife at home. In later years he returns and realizes what a bitter mistake he has made. Lois Wilson gives a touching performance as the wife.

SMART MONEY Good (Warners)

Edward G. Robinson gives a fascinating and high-powered performance in this story of a small-town gambler who invades the big cities and makes good—also as a gambler. But he's nuts about blondes and through them the District Attorney gets him and signs him up for the Big House. This picture is almost as powerful as "Little Caesar." James Cagney is good in a minor rôle, but Robinson is just grand.

SMILING LIEUTENANT. THE

Great
(Paramount)

It's sophisticated entertainment about a lieutenant who loves an entertainer in a beer garden but is forced to marry a princess. Claudette Colbert is lovely as the lieutenant's real sweetheart; but Miriam Hopkins plays the part of the princess with both humor and pathos.

SON OF INDIA

Fair
(M-G-M)

Ramon Novarro is hopelessly handicapped by an involved and implausible story. Ramon plays the son of a jewel merchant of India who falls in love with an American girl whom he cannot marry on account of racial prejudices. Madge Evans is the girl.

SOUAW MAN. THE

Fair
(M-G-M)

Audiences have been crying over this tear-jerker for eighteen years, and it's still a touching story. This time it's Lupe Velez who plays the Indian girl who falls in love with the English nobleman who comes to America to forget. Warner Baxter is excellent.

SVENGALI

Great
(Warners)

One of John Barrymore's best bits of acting. He makes the character of Svengali a truly haunting one. There is excellent photography to help out his brilliant performance as the hypnotist under whose power Trilby deserted her sweetheart to rise to greatness as a singer. Marian Marsh is a bit immature but lovely as Trilby.

THIS MODERN AGE

Fair
(M-G-M)

Joan Crawford again struggles to rise above a mediocre story. In this one she and her mother belong to a gay crowd in Paris and they go places and do things which shock Neil Hamilton, a pure youth whom Joan is crazy about. Disillusioned he throws Joan over and she broken-hearted goes off with Monroe Owsley who isn't so respectable. You'll like Joan and bear with the picture for her sake.

TRANSGRESSION

Fair
(Radio Pictures)

In this picture the beautiful Kay Francis does a bit of high-powered flirting with a Spanish philanderer while her husband's away in India on business. But on the verge of a divorce she discovers she still loves him so they fade-out happily. Paul Cavanaugh is the husband and Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish influence.

UP POPS THE DEVIL

Good
(Paramount)

Light, pleasant comedy-drama. Carole Lombard and Norman Foster give charming performance as a young couple, who run into difficulties

when the wife becomes the breadwinner and the husband tries to write a novel at home and to do the housework. Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin and Joyce Compton help keep the comedy light and gay.

VICE SQUAD. THE

Good
(Paramount)

This carries a lot of suspense, though it might have been more powerful if the romantic side of the story had been soft-pedalled. Paul Lukas has the difficult and trying rôle of a man who becomes a stool pigeon to escape a charge of manslaughter, and who has a chance to come back to his own world if he lets an innocent girl be framed. Kay Francis has a rather wishy-washy part, and the feminine honors go to Judith Wood, a newcomer.

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE. A

Fair
(R.K.O.-Pathé)

A feminine spy with a past falls madly in love with a nice chap, William Bakewell. His folks object until her dangerous duties lead to her being shot, and then they let the two marry because the spy has only six more months to live. Helen Twelvetrees does right by this yarn, but this yarn doesn't do right by Helen.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE

Good
(Paramount)

This one brings beautiful Eleanor Boardman back to the limelight in splendid fashion. She is the wife of a popular young artist who is given a chance to study in Paris by a rich society woman who has designs upon him. Just as the wife is about to secure a divorce the death of their little girl brings them together again. Paul Lukas is the artist.

YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID

Good
(Radio Pictures)

Richard Dix is billed as the star of this picture. He gives a good performance but Jackie ("Skippy") Cooper almost breaks your heart. You have eyes and ears only for him. Jackie plays a youngster left in the care of a gangster. He worships the gangster and is heart-broken when a judge sends him away. If this one doesn't make you cry, there's something wrong with your tear-ducts.

YOUNG SINNERS

Good
(Fox)

Thomas Meighan is great in a story that's just average. He plays a physical culture trainer who brings back to normal a young lad who has been disappointed in love and who has taken to drink as a result. Hardie Albright and Dorothy Jordan are supposed to be the young sinners, but they're so nice and clean-cut, you just don't believe it.

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"FLOYD GIBBONS' SUPREME THRILLS"

As a natural reaction to gangster films and pictures wherein the dregs of our civilization are exploited, the R.K.O.-Van Buren Corporation has produced a red-blooded, short picture, "Floyd Gibbons' Supreme Thrills", that will make every American thrill with patriotism. "The Star Witness" was another picture to honor the heroes who love their homeland. These two films stir the national pride and great credit must be given to their producers. The Floyd Gibbons' picture, "Woodrow Wilson's Great Decision", is one of thirteen in preparation under the supervision of A. P. Waxman, and consists of carefully selected scenes of the actual events of those drama-crowded war days when America's idealistic president sought to bring to the muddy unwholesome ways of international diplomacy, the gentle, clean charity of brotherhood.

Floyd Gibbons talks with his well known rapid-fire radio delivery, and as the war clouds gather, and the men come pouring into camp, we live again through his description, the fervor of those times. The shots of the troopships, the trenches and the Armistice Day delirium lead up to a climax to show the greatness of the man who sought to treat friend and foe alike.

We are proud of the producer who has attempted this and proud again of Woodrow Wilson who gave everything, life included, that Idealism might not perish from the earth.

Environment

[Continued from page 40]

Ann
Harding

DISCOVERING HOLLYWOOD'S REAL SOPHISTICATE!

WHO is she?

Garbo? Norma Shearer? Dietrich? Joan Crawford? Del Rio? Guess again!

The girl who is the real sophisticate of the cinema capital is not one of the luxurious ladies, but—as discovered and revealed by SCREENLAND—a girl who has hitherto been considered the most domestic star in the screen colony, a devoted wife and mother, a quiet housewife!

Ann Harding! And she turns out to be an ultra-modern, with daring ideas. You've never really known Ann before. She'll surprise you—dazzle you—maybe shock you a little! Meet her in

The November SCREENLAND

On sale at all newsstands October First

those kid days, Johnny and Peter and 'Red' were the *sissified* lads in the crowd. Quiet-voiced, gentle, kindly to the extreme. The five or ten or fifteen cents they had in their pocket generally went to someone they figured wasn't eating quite regularly.

"Knowing them as I did, I have tried to carry them to the screen. In 'Public Enemy', I hope I supplied a composite of those three boys."

I had been studying this actor as he talked. We had reached the point where we were "trading" cigarettes. Our feet rested on the same table.

It was then I put the question:

"Jimmy, with the underworld cycle over, can you remain in pictures?"

"Oh, gee! I want to do comedy! You know every time you pull the trigger of one of those movie blank-cartridge automatics, it ages you—you can't help but think of those fellows who went to the chair!"

Incidentally, the Warner family has informed Jimmy that, under his new contract, he won't have to go to the "hot seat" again.

IN "FRONT PAGE," Mae Clarke did the counterpart of a girl she knew in an Atlantic City soda fountain. Mae's service behind the marble counter didn't last but a few days, but she did make an intensive study of her colleague.

It was Philadelphia that contributed Mae to the world, but she was too young to recall that period of her life. Her first recollection is of Atlantic City, where the parental fortune provided her with a choice of vocal or dancing lessons. One was possible on the limited income of Mae's father. She picked the Terpsichore.

The blonde youngster wanted a new frock to wear to the academy. The family exchequer couldn't stand the strain.

The twelve-year-old Mae solved that problem, however, by the simple expedient of finding herself ten dollars a week for mixing cooling concoctions in a pharmacy. There she was intrigued by another girl who sought to "date" each of the male patrons.

"That girl," Mae told me, "held a fascination for me that I have never since known. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction—and Ethel was all of that."

"She actually cost me my job because I was more interested in her than I was in the customers who were waiting for their chocolate malted milks and strawberry sundaes."

"It was a simple matter to find employment over at the factory where they make the salt water taffy. That was another ten-dollar job—packing the taffy in boxes. I'd have made good at it, had it not been for the fact that the girl in the next chair was Atlantic City's outstanding coquette. She could relate the most fascinating tales of modern romance as she was living it. Of course, one couldn't hesitate to count the men in her life!"

"Well, I didn't last long in that place, because every time the supervisor turned her back, my compatriot would resume her chat, and I would automatically put

a layer of maple creams in the wrong carton."

From the dancing academy Mae went to the New York stage—and from there she came to Hollywood. Two years of obscurity followed her signing with Fox.

It wasn't until she played the gangster's "moll" in "Front Page" that other producers began to give her a second thought. Caddo's production had made her.

Then Columbia summoned her to play Marcia in "The Good Bad Girl". There was a similar rôle in a Warner picture.

Next came the characterization of Myra in "Waterloo Bridge", the leading rôle opposite Kent Douglass.

With each short journey—from Caddo to Columbia, to Warners, to Universal—Mae found herself the "street walker". It was because she was more interested in those fellow-workers back in Atlantic City than she was in that new dress that required thirty dollars!

She had played the counterpart of real personages whom she had studied!

"Waterloo Bridge" is bringing Mae a stellar contract!

IVAN LEBEDEFF was born to be a diplomat—and had not a World conflict brought about a revolt that did away with the Russian royal family, he might now have been presiding over an embassy in Paris or London or Berlin. Not only a good-looking chap, but a brilliant one as well, this Lebedeff!

Hollywood femininity has been "falling" for Ivan, who can kiss a hand with more aplomb than the late Czar Nicholas himself. That's been going on ever since David Wark Griffith discovered him, a dejected young man weeping over a table in a Paris café. The veteran director handed him a roll of currency, a contract, and brought him to the United States to play in "Sorrows of Satan".

Ivan *made good* in that production—with the general public and the film capital's portion of the "weaker sex", at the same time. Never, though, did you find him entertaining at the Embassy Club or the Mayfair.

Ivan's aristocratic mother and father are poverty-stricken in Lithuania. The bulk of his salary goes to them. They have been restored to the style of living to which they had been accustomed before the Lenin-Trotsky régime swung the axe on kingly and queenly necks.

Underneath that frowning brow of Ivan's, as you see it through the projection machine, is a longing for laughter that is unmatched in Hollywood.

Let's permit him to talk for a few seconds—this white-spatted, immaculately-dressed, cane-toting lad from the palaces of old St. Petersburg:

"A Russian, I believe," he enlightens me, "is a born actor, or at least he is born with the love that colors everything he does. His music is dramatized for him. His dancing is dramatized. He goes to almost absurd lengths to dramatize everything in his life."

"My own bringing up was on that

order. It was a play begun in childhood and lasting on when I went to the University of St. Petersburg, then on into the Imperial Lyceum of Alexander the First. I was trained for the diplomatic corps, which surely is as near as acting in nature as most things not actually connected with the theatre.

"Going along with that, of course, was military service. At the outbreak of the war I enlisted in the Third Regiment of Dragoons. War is acting, too! You pretend to be brave. You convince yourself that you have a distinguished officer's bearing. You dress carefully, when possible, like an actor dressing for the part.

"Presently they gave me the Cross of St. George, and I was promoted to first officer's rank. Then I went to cavalry school, and won a commission . . . the flying corps on the Russian front . . . wounds . . . prison . . . Why, throughout life I've never been rid of the notion that I was playing a part!

"Then came those nomad weeks in Paris, Berlin, Constantinople and Vienna, until 'D.W.' sighted me at that sidewalk table out in front of that little café in the French capital—a melancholy young man still posing . . . still the actor. He brought me to Hollywood . . . you know the rest.

"All of this background of mine is vitally woven into 'Kisses by Command', my newest production, because I wrote the story myself, and naturally I put into it what I deemed most dramatic and interesting from the tale of my own life. That is, at least, all that Radio studio executives would let me inject into it. I'm glad, now, that they were constantly on the alert to curb me, and separate the things of interest to the world-at-large from those that were principally of interest to me.

"In every rôle I've ever played, like your well-known silver thread, runs that influence of the past—a silver thread spun not so much by the colorful adventures as by the images of fancy I built at the time, and afterwards in memory, around each happening."

WHEN Adrienne Morrison, a stage luminary in her own right, presented the famous Richard Bennett with his third daughter, there was nothing to worry about financially. Box-offices were contributing a surplus beyond their needs.

With father and mother drawing weekly checks, Joan never did know the heart-pangs that Mae Clarke suffered when she wanted that thirty-dollar dress. Joan's

governess would phone, and have such a whim delivered—and charged to Richard Bennett's account.

At fifteen, Joan had had a taste of High school education—and journeyed to Hollywood. Because she failed to enlighten producers of the fact that Richard Bennett's daughter was in town, she passed unnoticed.

"Pa" Dick didn't fail to hear the details of Joan's journey Westward. He ordered her to pack and travel to Versailles, France. There she was placed in the most expensive of finishing schools.

Just before she was to receive her "certificate", Joan eloped with John Martin Fox, aged eighteen. Then Adrienne was born!

Joan involuntarily divorced John and found a way of supporting her baby.

Richard Bennett was about to open on Broadway in "Jarnegan". There was a principal rôle in the vehicle that Joan thought she could handle. "Pa" had the same idea!

It was while "scouting" the New York theatres, that Samuel Goldwyn sighted Joan. He signed her as Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Bulldog Drummond".

That was Joan's beginning in the films. From Colman she went to John Barrymore, and from there to George Arliss. Then she trod her way to stardom in her own right.

It was only two days ago that Joan's publicity man and I stepped out to knock a small white pill over miles of grass. Naturally, our discussion got around to the topic of Joan.

Joan's press expert was talkative.

"Joan has always been in the position of asking for what she wants—and she always gets it. Her father and mother were very indulgent in all matters save that of her career. She is well-educated and has spent her years as the companion of girls from the 'upper-crust' of society.

"But it would be impossible for her to play one of those Clara Bow rôles.

"Joan portrays the characters she lived in her earlier life . . . beautifully-gowned, self-contained, queenly. Her aristocratic mannerisms in 'Bulldog Drummond' were natural to her."

One can learn a lot on a golf course!

WHEN an actor plays a part that has fallen within his own experience the director can sit down, throw aside his megaphone, and let the actor do his "stuff"—secure in the knowledge that a rôle that has once been lived can never be artificial.

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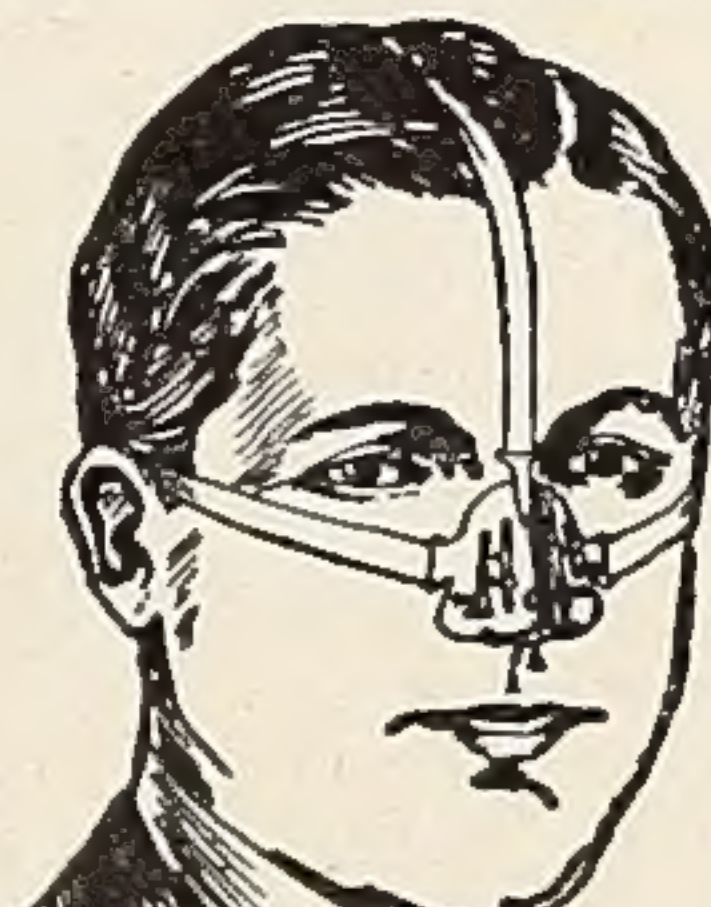
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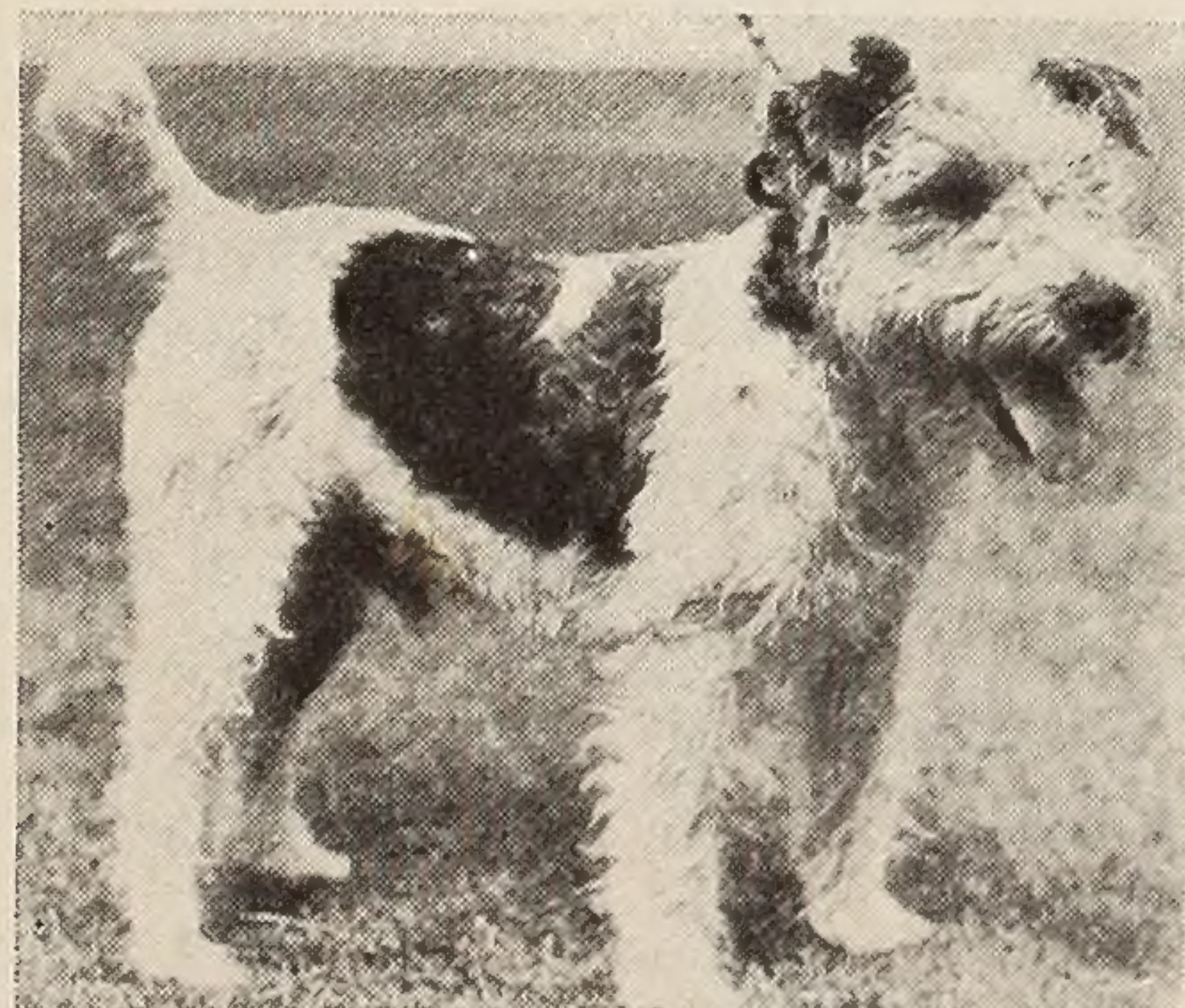
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Next Month Silver Screen

Will oblige with the oft requested:—*Life Story of Robert Montgomery* Marquis Busby asked the questions and Bob himself told all. Read it and enjoy the days in Beacon, New York, when Bob was a kid.



"Skippy" Cooper

The Final Thing

YOU KNOW the heroic tale of the man who leaped upon his horse as the Johnstown Flood started and did a Paul Revere, yelling, "Help! Help! The dam has bust."

That's how we feel. A deluge of letters has come down upon us and they are much alike. It is quite a responsibility, this riding in front of the flood, telling the movie people what the fans want, and SILVER SCREEN is not insensible to the honor.

The message of the letters is: "Better stories for our stars."

We have talked it over with the producers, and corresponded with them, and were it not for the roaring flood at our heels we would feel that their answers were pretty good.

The producers say that the best stories produced on this earth are hunted down by them and purchased; and usually the writers and all are shipped to Hollywood. Metro mentions Adela Rogers St. John, Kathleen Norris, Ursula Parrott and many others, Paramount lists Theodore Dreiser, Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum and Ernest Hemingway, among many. First National starts off with Booth Tarkington and ends with Du Maurier. United Artists has Elmer Rice, Sidney (Pulitzer Prize) Howard, Ben Hecht, and if these names do not convince you, they also boast Sinclair (Nobel Prize) Lewis. Radio has a list too, and you know Universal isn't "All Quiet" when it comes to authors, to say nothing of Fox and Warner's.

There is something wrong somewhere. The fans do not like the stories although the producers have the best that money can buy.

The flood has overtaken us and we are one with you. We also think that the stories are not wisely chosen and we are going to try to put into words the beliefs that

have grown up in our mind during the years that we have had fan letters addressed to us.

The fans, Mr. Producer, want HAPPY STORIES.

Not just a happy ending, nor a logical ending—like the electric chair for a gangster—we want HAPPY STORIES!

Take "Skippy". Was there ever a more charming, decent, clean or emotional story?

Take "Daddy Long Legs"—clean, warming.

There may be more Art in sexy, disillusioned drama, *but the successful films are the decent ones.*

The fans have the money and also they have ideals. Are we right?

* * *

SPEAKING of "Daddy Long Legs" again, you remember the little Cinderella character. She is picked upon and made miserable, yet under such circumstances she is kind to the asylum kids. But there comes a moment when she can stand no more and she relieves her mind, thus winning the notice of the man who ends her poverty—but you know the story, either from seeing Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford or Janet Gaynor in the part.

This is supposed to be a lower form of art than the realism portrayed in "The Last Mile". According to the realists, dull gray lives remain forever drab. No long-legged Daddy comes to smooth the rough spots and it is all very sad and terrible.

Perhaps they are wrong. Perhaps the Divine Plan does not follow so uninspiring a formula. Let us notice particularly one exception to this familiar pattern. For example, Janet Gaynor herself. Once she was just a little girl with no particular prospects; no more family grandeur than many of us. Then the mysterious Force that governs events stepped in and now Janet Gaynor is known the world around, and for the rest of her life she will be received everywhere with respect. Always she will have the things that she wishes for.

It doesn't seem to us that the theme of the play is any more surprising than the actual facts in the life of the brilliant little actress who plays the part.

* * *

THE very thrilling "Star Witness" of First National has its faults and all the critics will take the trouble to point them out; but faults or not, it says something, something so true, patriotic and inspiring that it brings home to us again the truth that the movies are the power to lead us out of our troubles.

When the old Grand Army veteran calls on the terrified white-collar man to live up to the traditions of America, he makes you realize that there is something to the heroic life that the pussyfooted and cowardly may never know.

It reminds us of the second lieutenant who roared out to his men as they started across No Man's Land:

"Come on, you. What do you want—to live forever?"

He is still alive, very much alive.

The "Star Witness" is the most exciting lesson in courage that we have ever seen.

* * *

IN "The Magnificent Lie" Ruth Chatterton has the difficult task of winning the sympathy of the audience after she has been shown making sport of a boy who is blind from the war. Can you conceive of a producer thinking that the movie fans would forgive a girl who makes a blind man ridiculous?

We remember with emotion the "Dark Angel" of Ronald Colman and more recently Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights" and we think the treatment of these blind characters was sympathetic and true to life.

When you ridicule a blind soldier, what is that, Art?

The Editor



Alluring eyes ~ ~ ~

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Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant—*instantly*. It will transform them from scantiness to a rich, dense fringe. Choose Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline in Black or Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow in delicate subtle tones of Blue, Brown, Black and Green, will greatly enhance the brilliance and expression of your eyes, lending them a suggestion of the exotic and intensifying their natural color. Select the shade of Maybelline Eye Shadow that most nearly matches the color of your eyes.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—a clean, indestructible pencil that doesn't crumble or soil the fingers, will form and line your brows for the finishing touch to a perfect eye make-up. Choose Black or Brown.

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DAME FASHION has created flattering styles for the modern girl. Each dress has become a subtle revelation of gracefully rounded curves. Gowns swirl, cling—and suggest the figure they adorn.

Yet, as always, Fashion smiles upon some, frowns upon others. Those whose contours are a little too full must diet . . . or fail to achieve distinction in these entrancing new clothes.

Every girl knows that reducing diets may be dangerous—may destroy the

very beauty they are trying to bring. Unless the diet contains iron and roughage, improper elimination may develop. Poisons seep through a weakened body. Headaches and dizziness are frequent. Complexions lose their color. Eyes look tired . . . and beauty fades.

How pathetic . . . when this loss of beauty is so unnecessary. Just include one delicious cereal in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two tablespoonfuls daily will furnish sufficient roughage to guarantee proper elimination. How much better to use this natural food than to abuse your system with pills and drugs. ALL-BRAN is recommended by dietitians.

Try ALL-BRAN with milk or in fruit juices. Cook into bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It provides iron, which helps bring color to cheeks and lips. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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